

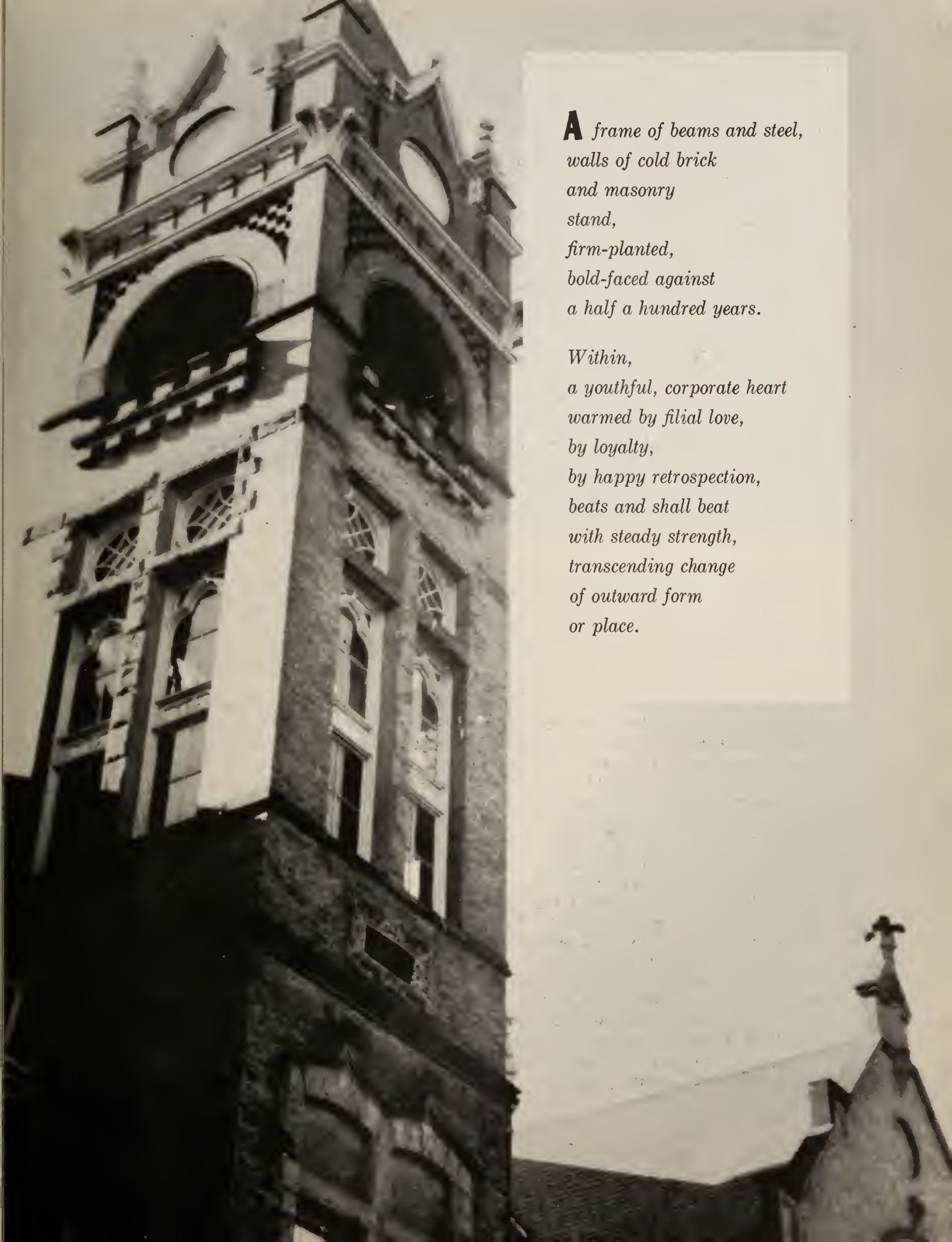


SPECTRUM 1956

SPECTRUM 1956

London Teachers' College

London, Ontario.



A frame of beams and steel,
walls of cold brick
and masonry
stand,
firm-planted,
bold-faced against
a half a hundred years.

Within,
a youthful, corporate heart
warmed by filial love,
by loyalty,
by happy retrospection,
beats and shall beat
with steady strength,
transcending change
of outward form
or place.



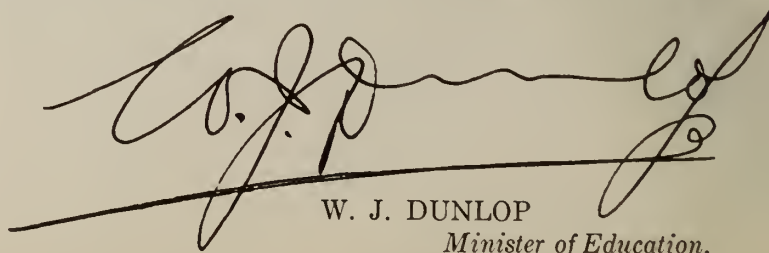
Greetings from The Minister

IN the Teachers' Colleges of Ontario there are this year more than 3,000 men and women, most of whom will be teaching in the elementary schools of the Province, beginning September, 1956. Of course, there are some who have another year of instruction and practice-teaching ahead of them. You who are graduating from the London Teachers' Colleges will have no difficulty whatever in obtaining good positions; you have been well-prepared for a teaching career; and to you I send on this occasion my most cordial good wishes for abundant success in your work.

Speaking from a long experience in teaching and in administration, I can assert that three essential factors for success are these. First, every teacher must be prepared to work hard and to like it. Second, every teacher must take part as a full-fledged citizen in the community. Third, every teacher must get as much fun as possible out of teaching because good humour is essential to success. Very well do I realize that there are times when sternness and unbending firmness are necessary because discipline must be kept at all costs but those occasions are rather rare nowadays in most schools. Teaching is fun if the teacher commences by refusing to be annoyed by the various peculiar incidents that occur in almost any class. Rewards are better than punishments; in an elementary school "marks" or "stars" are prized rewards (unless times have changed since I taught) and are much more effective than those peculiar punishments known as "keeping in" or "writing lines" which are surely obsolete in these enlightened days.

As you read the newspapers and the magazines today, you cannot fail to realize that there is far too much international bad feeling in the world; and elsewhere you see evidence occasionally of selfish shrewdness and delinquency of many sorts. That peculiar word, "frustration," is far too often heard today from discontented people who think they should have rewards for which they have not worked or who feel that the world is all wrong. Teachers, being good citizens, can do a great deal to promote good feeling in their communities; for example, there is no need for quarrels between teachers and trustees nor between teachers and parents. So, if you find, as I am sure you will, that teaching is fun, you can spread that same spirit of light-heartedness among your friends and associates wherever you go. This I hope you will do.

Permit me, then, to extend to every one of you the very best of good wishes for a satisfying and rewarding career in the teaching profession.



W. J. DUNLOP
Minister of Education.



To The Graduate

WELCOME you, a new teacher, into a challenging and rewarding profession.

The challenge is that of giving meaning and reality to our national traditions, and of imparting them to the youth of Ontario. In so doing you will help to develop a generation of citizens well prepared to take their places in a democratic society.

As a beginner, you will find the profession rewarding to the extent that you realize that you are entering upon a career of learning as well as of teaching. Your education thus far has equipped you only to begin your career. To advance in your chosen work you must continue to grow intellectually and professionally.

Next September you will be responsible for the instruction of a group of girls and boys in one of our elementary schools. May you approach the task with the vigour, the enthusiasm, and the fresh outlook of youth.

F. S. Rivers

F. S. RIVERS

Superintendent of Professional Training.



F. C. Biehl



J. B. Healy

From The Principals

YOU remember St. Luke's story of the man sick of the palsy. The multitude had followed Jesus to Capernaum, where the crowd was so great that in the house where He was staying there was no room to receive them, "no, not so much as about the door." But there came four bearing one sick of the palsy,

And when they could not come nigh unto Him because of the press, they uncovered the roof where He was: and when they had broken it up, they let down the bed wherein the sick of the palsy lay.

You know the rest of the tale: there was the one needing the Light, and there was the Light, and when the two were brought together, there was the transformation.

What is strangely touching about the story is the anonymity of the four who brought their burden to the Master. How inventive and determined they must have been, how loyal to the one in their charge, to find a way through difficulties which would have daunted lesser men. Without them, the man who needed the Light so desperately would never have received it. And yet the chronicler did not see fit to record their names; the mists of history have closed over everything about them but their number.

I am indebted to Dean M. Woodside for an application of this tale to your task and mine. It struck me so forcibly when I heard him give it to an audience of teachers that I have asked his permission to pass it on to you. Mr. Healy and I can think of no better parting words.

We teachers play somewhat the same part as did those four nameless ones. We are simply the means of bringing together the Light and those who need the Light; only the intermediaries. Our task will take as much initiative, will often be just as discouraging, and will be guided by the same loyalty as was their task two thousand years ago. All the outward glory that most of us will earn will be a similar anonymity. Inwardly, we, like the four of Capernaum, will earn a glowing treasure. We shall know that without us the miracle would not have taken place.

F. C. BIEHL

J. B. HEALY



Clergymen's Message

WHEN a carpenter begins to make a chair, he has in mind a certain pattern to which he tries to adhere as closely as possible. The more skilled the carpenter, the more closely the finished product resembles the original pattern. Yet to produce a truly fine piece of work the carpenter requires more than just skill of hand: there must be some motive behind his work. That motive is generally love, from the highest — love of God, to the lowest — love of self. One might be tempted to say that love could make up for a lack of skill but since the carpenter is working in wood, an inanimate object which cannot assist him in any way, the skill must always be present if he is to produce good work.

However, in a career in which the material used is human, the motive behind our work can make up, to a certain extent, for lack of skill. Many a teacher short on pedagogy but long on love and understanding for her pupils has had great success in developing good human beings. And after all, is that not your task? You must not be satisfied with being a mere purveyor of information; the school bulletin board does as much. No, to be a teacher, you must take into consideration not only the mind of the student but also his will: you must form as well as inform. Of course, when you assume such a responsibility, you must have some standard or pattern in mind, just as the carpenter has his chair pattern in mind. And you must determine now to turn out the best possible product; we are living in an age when no one dare be mediocre.

Since you seek to educate not just part of a man but the whole man, body and soul, then religion must enter the picture. In other words, the education you impart must be a Christian education, that process of growth and development whereby the natural man assimilates a body of knowledge derived from human effort and divine revelation, makes his life ideal the person of Jesus Christ and develops the ability, with the help of Almighty God, to use that knowledge in pursuit of this ideal.

You can see in this definition the dual purpose of education, Christian perfection here below and eternal happiness with God hereafter. I know I speak for all the clergymen when I say that if you strive to fulfill your teaching vocation in this way, there is no doubt but that one day you will hear the words of our Blessed Lord: "Well done good and faithful servant, . . . enter into the joy of thy Master."

FATHER O'FLAHERTY

The following clergymen kindly instructed us in Religious Education:

Rev. Ralph Barker	Rev. Tom Harris	Rev. Angus MacQueen
Rev. F. T. Darnell	Rev. Derwyn Jones	Father J. O'Flaherty
Rev. John Fleck	Rev. J. A. O. McKennitt	Rev. R. C. Plant
Rev. A. P. Gillies	Dr. George W. Moore	Rev. J. R. Waldie



Mrs. F. E. Cummings, B.A.



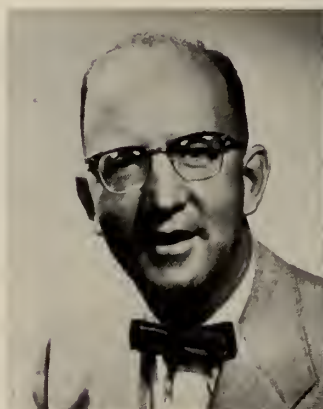
Miss B. G. Bergey, B.A.



F. G. Walker, B.A., B.Ed.



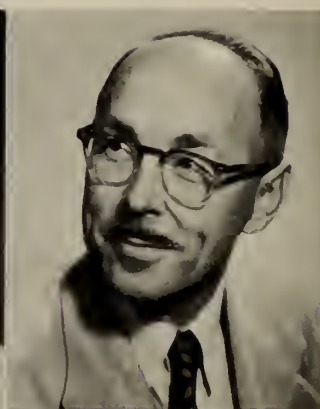
Secretaries
Mrs. J. Andrew
Miss Thomlinson



R. S. Devereux, M.A.



Miss W. R. Prendergast



G. H. Dobrindt, B.A., B.Paed.



N. Massey, B.A.



Miss W. Singer, B.A., B.L.S.



Mrs. W. Jones, B.

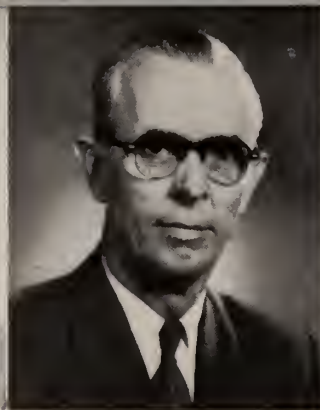
Teaching



Maintenance
Mr. Strasser, Mr. Bromwich,
Miss Ely, Mrs. Danyluk.



M. Porte, B.A.



L. B. Hyde, B.A



S. J. Rogers, B.A., B.Sc.



R. L. Fritz, B.A.



Miss A. M. Lawson, B.A.



Queen, M.C., B.A., B.Ed Miss C. M. LaCapria, B.A. J. A. Eaman, B.A., B.Paed.

Staff



Student Parliament

THERE is no doubt that each of us who graduate will look back on this past year as one of the most interesting and illuminating of our lives. Up until our entrance into L.T.C. we may have looked upon teaching as a sinecure. It would be impossible however, to spend a year or two training to be a teacher, without having cause to look back and admire many of our instructors in the elementary and secondary schools. We are now convinced that a teacher's job is not a nine-to-four position, with long evenings of leisure; rather, a good teacher's job is never complete. One is either preparing the next day's lesson or taking steps to improve his own education.

Speaking of improving our own education, we could profit from a look at the old Greek symbol for education. It pictured a man pushing a great boulder up a steep hill using a strong stick for a pry. What was its meaning? Just this: if we are satisfied with what we know, and are making no personal advancement, then the boulder will force us to go back. Should we give ourselves a slight educational "lift," it would be sufficient to offer enough resistance to just hold the stone in place. The third option is obvious. By making a real attempt to improve ourselves, we will advance to where we shall be able to see a greater horizon over the summit of the hill, and hence increased incentive and efficiency will result.

Considering that it is the duty of the teacher to instruct the child, physically, mentally, emotionally, socially, and spiritually, let us labour diligently and under no condition forget to give a generous portion of our time-table to the last mentioned field. To teachers, teaching children during a period of severe world disorder, nothing can be more beneficial than an understanding and sympathy for mankind, and a realization of the Love of the True Peace Maker, Jesus Christ.

In closing, I would like to thank the students and staff of the College for the excellent support given to me this year; it has made holding my office a most enjoyable experience. The cooperation I had from every group in the College I'm sure could not have been surpassed.

Best of Luck, everyone,

TED TAYLOR,
Prime Minister, London Teachers' College.





Mae Allan



Donna Smith

Spectrum

SPECTRUM may be defined as a view of a whole through its parts. This I think will explain the purpose behind your year book staff and the purpose of this book itself.

This Spectrum will try to give you an outline of your very full year. If we have succeeded in bringing back the main events, those things which are important to you, we are content.

This, of all years, is one of which a "spectrum" can be shown. For what year has or ever will encompass more? This year was the time in which we put to use all previous knowledge. We used not just facts but interpretation, personality, character and initiative. For these things make a teacher.

Of course we did not spend our whole year in serious meditation. Who had time or who wanted to when there was so much to do and see?

We hope you have had a happy year. Perhaps the Spectrum will help you to bring back these days.

MAE ALLAN,
Editor.

DONNA SMITH,
Associate Editor.



London, Ontario,
January 30, 1956.

Dear Graduates 1956:

It is with a great deal of pleasure that I and the executive of the Alumni welcome you as members of the largest and most active Teachers' College Alumni in Canada.

During your stay at L.T.C. you have made numerous friends who are now going to go in many different directions. It is the prime purpose of this group to try to keep you in some contact with these friends and to keep you advised of the activities of the school. Our functions include a week-end get-together in March of each year, a News letter which we are beginning this year, and a loan fund to students of L.T.C. which will for the first time, also, become active this year.

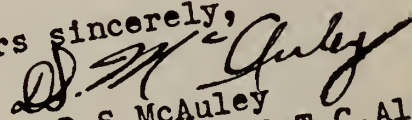
The annual "Week-end" proceeds cover most of the expenses for the year. We hold a dance, a banquet, a business meeting and a Saturday Night party which usually includes a variety show. We, also, as funds permit, donate gifts to the College. Part of the furnishings in the common room are an example.

We have a Registered Membership which numbers 800. Each of these members has contributed \$1.00 to the Registered Membership Fund, which is used for the loan fund and the news letter. As it grows, the fund will be used for other purposes, furthering Alumni work. The \$1.00 donation entitles you to a life membership, and is paid only once. We would welcome you as a Registered Member if you are not already. Please mail your contribution to Mrs. G. Russel, 302 Central Ave, London, or to the London Teacher's College.

The Alumni Association is your organization. It tries to look out for some of your interests. Give it your support.

We wish you the best of luck and much happiness in your teaching careers.

Yours sincerely,



D.S. McAuley

President L.T.C. Alumni Association

Graduates



VALEDICTORIANS { MELVIN CAPENER
JAMES TOWNSHEND



Joanne Allen Harris
Tillsonburg



Carole Anne Ames
London
Inter-form Sports
Basketball
Badminton



Marilyn Blair
London



Elizabeth Box
Parkhill
Glee Club
Art
Music



Eilene Boyd
Delhi
Sewing
Volleyball
Baseball



Bette Buchanan
Belmont
Volleyball
Music
Reading



Marilyn Cartwright
London
Glee Club
Christian Fellowship
Inter-form Sports



Patricia R. Clarke
London
Reading
Sewing



Bettyanne Clutton
London



Nancy Coate
St. Thomas



Arlene Crosier
Delhi
Sewing
Sports
Shellcraft



Patricia Crossan
London
Student Parliament
Skating
Swimming



Joanne M. Evans
Dublin
Volleyball
Basketball
Music



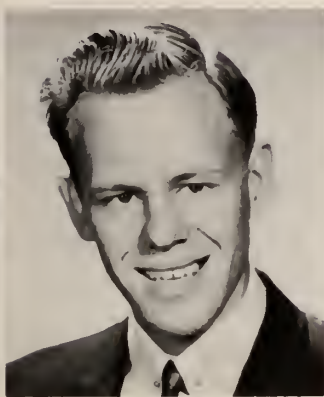
Judy Fairhurst
Windsor
Bowling
Skating
Oil Painting



Maxine Freee
Petrolia
Square Dancing
Photography
Music



Carolyn Gould
London
Dramatics
Sewing
Music



William Graham
Windsor
Sports
Spectrum



Norma Gray
Port Arthur
Swimming
Skating
Tennis



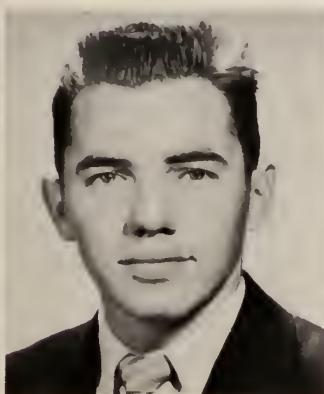
Barbara Harrogate
Chatham
Inter-form Sports
Oil Painting
Stamp Collection



Barbara Healy
London
Glee Club
Photography
Music



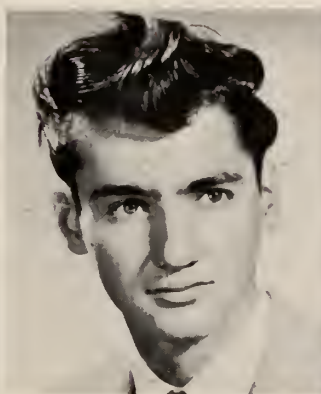
Rose Hepburn
London
Social Representative
Glee Club
Music



Paul Houston
Ingersoll
Basketball
Football



Barbara Johnston
Ridgetown
Volleyball
Basketball



Kenneth Johnston
London
Reading
Skating
Football



Elizabeth Law
London
Glee Club
Library Club
Christian Fellowship



Suzanne Lefler
Woodstock
Volleyball



Marguerite Lieberherr
Belmont
Dancing
Piano



Marlene Mathews
Woodstock
Volleyball



Carol McDonald
Woodstock
Volleyball
Music



Norma McFarlane
Guelph
Volleyball



Lois Edna Miller
London
Sports
Sewing
Painting



Ruth Misener
St. Thomas
Stamp Collection
Music
Volleyball



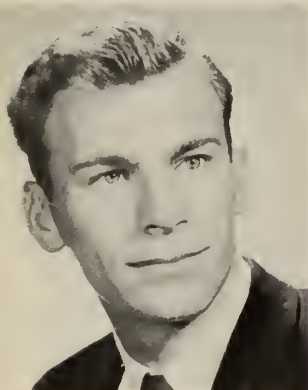
Sandra Passmore
Woodstock
Glee Club
Volleyball



Beverley Patterson
London
Skating
Swimming
Reading



Marilyn Pinkerton
Toronto



Peter Pitcher
Woodstock
B.A.A.
Home Gardening
Painting



Georgia Rose
London
Cheerleader
Bowling
Swimming



Bernice J. Rudnick
London
Music
Dancing
Swimming



Helen Springett
London
Music
Art
Sewing



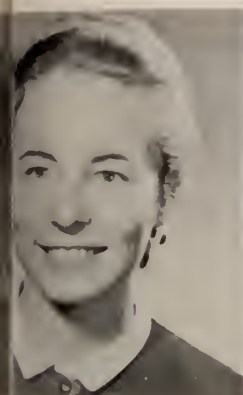
Diane E. Summ
London
Glee Club
Skating



Sandra Vincent
London
Record Collection
Swimming
Dancing



Carol Anne Wouch
Ridgetown
Literary Society
Music
Dancing



Mary Ann Artiss
Petrolia
Student Parliament
Glee Club Pionist
Needlework



Marion Austin
Burgessville
Music
4-H Club
Sports



Joan Axford
Mt. Brydges
Guitar
Skating
Sewing



Lois Baker
R.R. No. 3, Rodney
Christian Fellowship
Swimming
Sewing



Mary Bender
Ailsa Craig
Christian Fellowship
Skating
Reading



Beth Bentley
Sarnia
Spectrum
Glee Club
Sports



Marie Bond
Woodstock
Volleyball
Sewing
Dancing



Velda Branstion
Lambeth
Sunday School Tchr.
Leathercraft
Skating



Janet Campbell
Rodney
Christian Fellowship
Volleyball
Dance Group



Joan Campbell
Northwood
Sports
Oil Painting
Leathercraft



Mary E. Carmichael
Riverside
Glee Club
Picture Collecting



Barbara Cook
London
Sports
Brownie Leader



Glenda Dietrich
Comber
Spectrum
Music
Reading



Carol Eldridge
Wheatley
Literary Society
Glee Club
Dramatics



Margaret Fisher
St. Thomas
Literary Society
Glee Club
Inter-form Sports



Mary LeClair
London
Singing
Dancing



Jane Lindsay
London
Glee Club



Shirley MacCallum
Appin
Inter-form Sports
Dancing
Sewing



Marlene MacKenzie
Wingham
Playground Supsr.
Reading
Singing



Kathryn McMillan
R.R. No. 1, Dutt
Inter-form Sports
Riding
Swimming



Ruth McEachran
Ridgetown
Sports
Reading
Sewing



Lois McKillop
West Lorne
Christian Fellowship
Tennis
Piano



Janice Mills
Chatham
Literary Society
Glee Club



Ann Nabb
London
Volleyball
Art
Christian Fellowship



Carol Needham
London
Student Parliament
Social Representative
Singing



Janet Nussey
Tilbury
Music
Needlecraft



Joan Oliver
London
Cheerleader
Sewing
Art



Dorothy O'Neill
London
G.A.A.
Sports
Glee Club



Mary J. O'Rourke
Chatham
Basketball
Cheerleader
Dancing



Trudy Pickard
Exeter
G.A.A.
Sports
Record Collecting



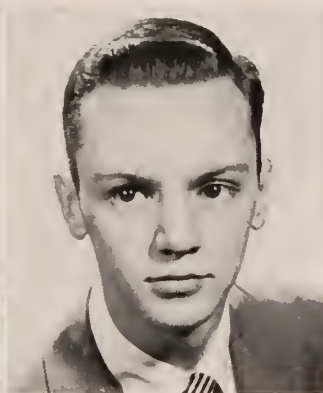
Mary Atkinson
London
Glee Club
Sports
Singing



J. Dickson Attlebery
Paris
B.A.A.
Basketball Team
Softball Team



Donald C. Campbell
Aylmer



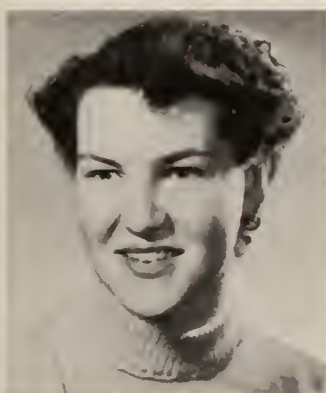
James R. Castle
Riverside
B.A.A.
Glee Club
Basketball



Jack Dolbear
Watford
Basketball Team
Softball
Hockey



Anne Gordon
Sarnia
Singing
Water-Skiing
Dancing



Rilla Gowan
Granton
Glee Club
4-H Club
Reading



James Graves
Windsor
Spectrum
Glee Club



Marjorie Hearn
Woodstock
Spectrum
Volleyball
Reading



Dorothy Heiser
Comber
Literary Society
Social Representative
Music



Sheila Horne
Chatham
Dancing
Singing
Sports



Sherwood Hubbel
London



Marilyn Hutton
London
G.A.A.
Sports
Music



Marian Hyder
London
Music
Tennis
Badminton



Malcolm Kay
London
Literary Society
Glee Club
Basketball Team



Marvin LeClair
Riverside
Student Parliament
Basketball Team
Sports



Noreen McCaron
Chatham
Music
Dancing
Gym



Thomas Noble
Windsor
Spectrum
Glee Club



Elizabeth Richardson
Sarnia
Christian Fellowship
Music
Golf



Evelyn J. Sharr
Grand Bend
Glee Club
Piano



Philip Sorrill
St. Thomas
Literary Society



Eileen Sovie
Comber
Glee Club



Arline Stanley
Denfield
Glee Club
Music
Reading



Helen Stipsky
Ridgetown
Leathercraft
Sewing
Sports



Joyce Swan
Woodstock
Music
Sports
Reading



Edwin Taylor
Woodstock
Student Parliament
Basketball Team
Glee Club



John Thomas
London
Glee Club
Basketball Team
Track and Field



Shirley Thompson
London
Music
Swimming
Dancing



Anne Tuffin
Leamington
Glee Club
Sewing
Sports



Mary Watson
London
Glee Club
Reading
Social Work



Isobel Alvarez
Valladolid, Spain
Photography
Painting



Bette Authier
Wheatley
Spectrum
Inter-form Sports
Music



Mary Lou Babcock
St. Thomas
Glee Club



Janet Baldwin
Merlin
G.A.A.
Inter-form Sports



Betty Ann Begg
St. Thomas



Joan Beresford
Windsor



Anne H. Birdsall
Delhi
Glee Club
Sports



Marilyn Black
London
Piano
Singing



Jane Blackmore
Windsor
Dramatics
Singing



Pauline Bondy
Harrow
Glee Club
Piano



Margaret Bowie
Alvinston
Glee Club
Inter-form Sports



Carolyn Brackstone
Chatham
Christian Fellowship
Piano



Yvonne Brown
Dresden
Christian Fellowship
Piano
Reading



Agnes Burrill
Science Hill
Glee Club
Inter-form Sports



Margaret Caffyn
Ingersoll
Glee Club



Alice Cameron
Watford
Dance Int. Group
Sewing
Cooking



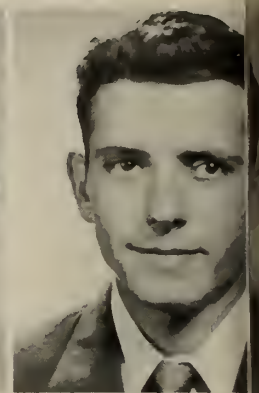
Audrey Campbell
London



Donna Campbell
Blenheim
Literary Society
Inter-form Sports
Square Dancing



Florence Campbell
Alvinston
Music
Amateur
Photography



George Acres
Woodstock
Baseball
Volleyball



John Bailey
Windsor
Boys' Athletic Soc.



Ronald Bareham
St. Thomas
Volleyball
Dance Int. Group
Photography



Paul Barker
London
Inter-form Sports
Music



Todson H. Becker
London
Writing
Reading
Chess



Noah F. H. Bezae
Amherstburg
Riding
Skating
Reading



John Boothman
Todmorden Lanes,
Eng.
Spectrum
Swimming
Tennis



Roelof Hendrick Bos
London
Photography
Mathematics



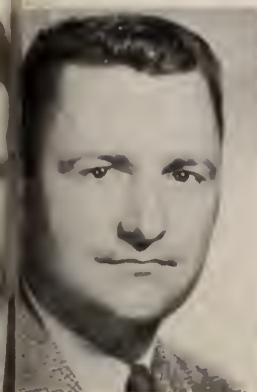
Mel Capener
London
Student Parliament
Music
Photography



Oscar Chaput
Tilbury
Social Committee
Model Aeroplanes



Ken Collier
London
Glee Club
Music
Sports



Charles Davis
Staffordville
Literary Society
Glee Club

Melville Davis
Sarnia
Inter-form Sports
Basketball

Murray Down
London
Inter-form Sports
Stamp Collecting
Travel

John E. Durley
Sarnia
Christian Fellowship
Camping
Crafts

Kenneth Elliott
Thetford
Glee Club
Dramatics
Photography



Ken Ferguson
London
Student Parliament
Family Man

Donald Finkbeiner
Crediton
Inter-form Sports
Glee Club
Crafts

Gordon Gallagher
Dorchester
Inter-form Sports

Peter Getty
London
Glee Club
Dramatics
Camping

William Gregg
Windsor
Inter-form Sports
Cheerleader



Wolfgang Fieguth
Leamington

Louise Pollock
Blenheim

John Pogue
Belmont

Brother Herbert
Aylmer
Photography
Nature

Brother James
Aylmer



Patricia A. Chauvin
Woodslee
Literary Society
Reading



Jane A. Churchouse
Ingersoll
Inter-form Sports
Sewing
Reading



Joan Clarke
Riverside
Glee Club
Christian Fellowship
Music



Janet Cochran
Ridgetown
Reading



Donna Cole
Otterville
Library Club
Volleyball
Reading



Margaret Cook
Watford
Spectrum
Inter-form Sports
Music



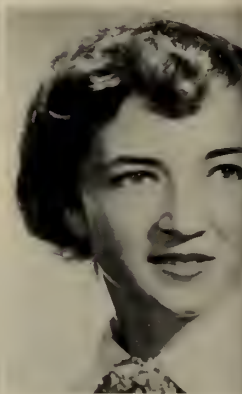
Jean Cross
St. Thomas
Music
Sunday School Work
Reading



Marita Ann Cross
Wallacetown
G.A.A.
Volleyball
Music



Kathleen Cunningham
Petrolia
Glee Club
Volleyball
Music



Eleanor Curts
Parkhill
Glee Club
Reading
Piano



Carolyn Davis
Otterville
Dancing
Sports
Music



Shirley Davis
St. Thomas
Literary Society
Sports
Dramatics



Mary Lou Day
Chatham
Inter-form Sports
Reading
Sewing



Anna Denomme
Lucan
Painting
Sewing



Ruth Dixon
Parkhill
Glee Club
Music
Skating



Elaine Edworthy
Tillsonburg
Dance Int. Group
Volleyball
Reading



Joan Falconer
Ingersoll
Travel
Sewing
Gardening



Florence Ferguson
Chatham
Music
Reading



Ruth Fidlin
Norwich
Glee Club
Library Club
Christian Fellowship



Laurie Hadden
London
Christian Fellowship
Glee Club
Sports



Stanley Haist
Dashwood
Inter-form Sports



William Hill
London
Glee Club
Student Parliament
Volleyball



George A. Hinch
Windsor
Basketball Team
Volleyball Team
Hockey Team



Joseph Hueglin
Chatham
Botany



Albert Jones
London
Oil Painting



Robert Krause
Windsor
Basketball Team
Volleyball Team
Social Representative



Harvey Martin
Woodstock
Volleyball
Glee Club
Football



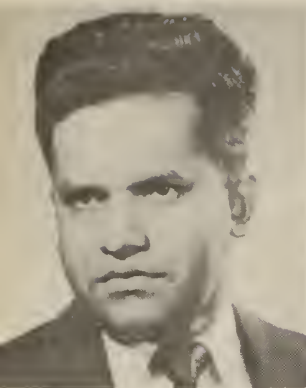
Douglas McCaw
Alvinston
Volleyball
Bowling
Hockey



Wayne Milburn
Woodstock
Volleyball
Swimming



Kenneth Munro
London
Sports
Sailing
Camping



Dip Narayan Rickhi
Trinidad
Cricket



John Shaw
St. Thomas
Literary Society
Basketball
Volleyball



Gordon Skinner
Byron
Literary Society
Glee Club
Dramatics



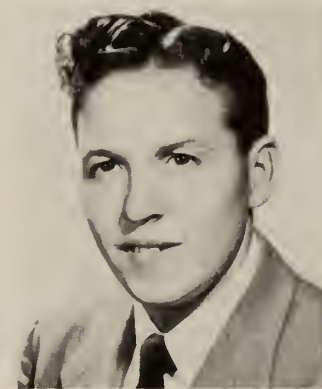
Ralph Snowsell
St. Thomas
Basketball Team
Sports



Charles Stama
St. Thomas
Basketball
Hunting
Woodworking



Jack Tearne
Windsor
Christian Fellowship



Benjamin J. Toews
Leamington
Glee Club
Christian Fellowship
Volleyball



William Walker
London
Sports



Derek L. White
Kingsville
Glee Club
Library Club



Kenneth C. Williams
St. Thomas
Glee Club
Photography
Volleyball



William Yungblut
Zurich
Basketball Team
B.A.A.
Sports



Paul Waestelaken
Aylmer



Patricia Foy
Chatham
Form 6 Bowling
Stamp Collecting
Reading



Nancy J. Francis
London
G.A.A.
Glee Club
Sports



Betty Gillard
Muirkirk
Form 6 Bowling
Dance Int. Group
Reading



Michele Gore
London
Reading
Badminton
Bowling



Ann Hanselman
Delhi
Inter-form Sports
Piano
Swimming



Marie A. Harpe
Belle River



Georgina Hendry
Wallaceburg
Inter-form Sports
Swimming
Badminton



Vivian Irvine
London
Student Parliament
Spectrum
Inter-form Sports



Marlene Jackson
Cobalt
Glee Club
Music
Swimming



Rae Johnston
London
Spectrum
Travel
Swimming



Sharon E. Leary
Windsor
Literary Society
Reading
Badminton



Janet Leitch
Otterville
Glee Club
Piano
Swimming



Marjorie Linton
Ilderton
Glee Club
C.G.I.T.
Music



Evelyn McDonald
Embrow
Glee Club
Music



Lois McKay
Port Arthur
Skiing
Swimming
Bowling



Anne McLaren
Ridgetown
Dance Int. Group
Reading
Picture Collecting



Jane McNeil
London
London Little Theatre
Swimming
Tennis



Marilyn Mitchell
Thamesford
Glee Club
Inter-form Sports
Piano



Shirley Moody
Tillsonburg
Christian Fellowship
Inter-form Sports
Coin Collecting



Margaret Morl
St. Thomas
Glee Club
Inter-form Sport



Joyce E. Patterson
Windsor
Glee Club
Inter-form Sports
Social Representative



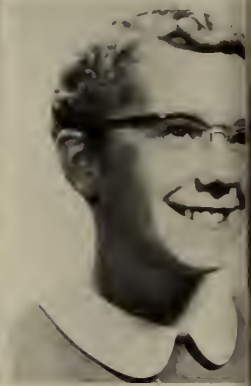
Mary Marg. Payne
London
Inter-form Sports
Glee Club
Art



Nancy Pegg
Port Rowan
Sports
Reading
Sewing



Janet Pell Stamas
St. Thomas
Camping
Swimming
Writing



Eleanor Reynol
Wallaceburg
Glee Club
Form 6 Bowling
College-aies



Evelyn Robinson
Courtland
Glee Club
Christian Fellowship
Cooking



Bernice Ronson
Parkhill
Glee Club
Roller-Skating
Piano



Lynda Russell
Blenheim
Literary Society
Bowling
Badminton



Nina Skitovich
London
Boating
Skating
Music



Donna Marg. Sm
London
Spectrum
Form 6 Bowling
Travel



Marion Jean Smith
Petrovia
Literary Society
Glee Club
College-aides



Shirley Stevens
Burgessville
Glee Club
Sports
Photography



Dorothy Stover
Tillsonburg
Christian Fellowship
Music
Reading



Patricia Tapp
London
Glee Club
Form 6 Bowling
Music



Glen Tripp
Ailsa Craig
Sports
Stamp Collecting
Reading



Ruth Wallis
Mossley
Photography
Embroidery
Knitting



Carol Ann Watson
London
Glee Club
London Symphony
Sports



Helen Watts
Ostrander
Music
Crafts
Reading



Faye Williams
Mt. Brydges
Sports
Music
Reading



Nancyanne Wilmot
London
Glee Club
Dramatics
Crafts



Maida Winegarden
Norwich
Sports
Dancing
Accordion



Vivian E. Zavitz
Alvinston
Basketball
Skating
Dancing



Sandra Milne
London
Reading
Writing
Theatre



Mabel Allan
Windsor
Spectrum
Literary Society
Music



Donna Allison
Blenheim
Glee Club
Dancing
Swimming



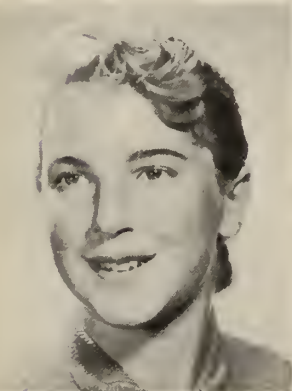
Shirley Anderson
Thedford
Audubon Club
Skating
Sewing



Muriel Armstrong
Merlin
Dance Int. Group
Photography
Singing



Shirley Baxton
Ridgetown
Glee Club
Volleyball
Reading



Francis Black
Sprucedale
Music
Post Card Collection



Lynda Blackwell
Blenheim
Music
Skating



Thora Blakeley
London
Singing



Geraldine Brackenbury
Springfield
Inter-form Volleyball
Reading
Square Dancing



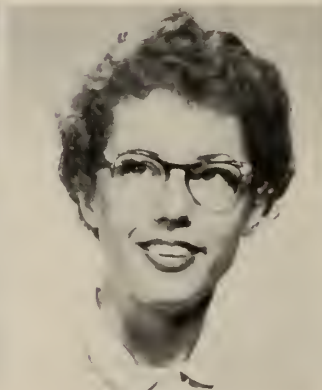
Marion Brown
Galt
Inter-form Volleyball
Choir
Swimming



Patricia Campbell
Windsor
Skating
Reading



Gail Carberry
Riverside
Cheerleader
Inter-form Volleyball
Dance Int. Group



Rosalie Cattell
Tillsonburg
Glee Club
Music
Travel



Janet Cole
Leamington
Glee Club
Reading
Skating



Ethel Coulton
London
Spectrum
Photography
Music
Sewing



Helen Crawford
Ridgetown
Dancing
Choir Work



Florence Darnell
London
Glee Club
Reading
Singing



Margaret Dawson
Beachville
G.A.A.
Sports
Reading



Anne Deneiko
Windsor
Literary Society
Inter-form Volleyball
Reading



Anne Denomy
Chatham
Sports



Dolores Doan
Riverside
Audubon Club
Swimming
Badminton



Muriel Douey
Windsor
Glee Club
Inter-form Volleyball
Music



Ellen Driedger
Kingsville
Glee Club
Inter-form Volleyball
Music



Louise Driedger
Kingsville
Audubon Club
Glee Club
Reading



Jean Duncan
Petrolia
Christian Fellowship
Sports
Photography



Shirley Dunn
Wilkesport
Skating
Dancing



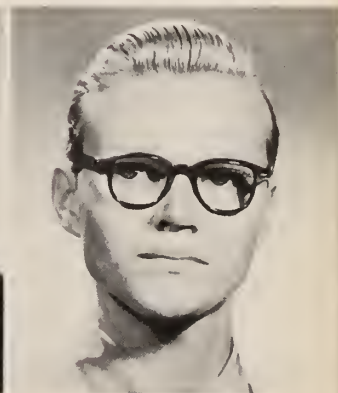
Ruth Etcher
Windsor



Karen Evans
Watford
Music
Dancing



George Bice
Strathroy
Glee Club
Music
Skating



John Beer
Strathroy
Glee Club
Reading
Music

Form VII '56



Edward Brereton
London
Glee Club
Music
Sports



Naboth Daniel
Ingersoll
Sports



Douglas Dew
Forest
Basketball Team
Woodcrafts
Sports



William Fleming
Windsor
Volleyball Team
Glee Club
Sports



Joseph Gilpin
London
Basketball
Air Force



Phil Lowery
Windsor
Social Representative
Piano
Sketching



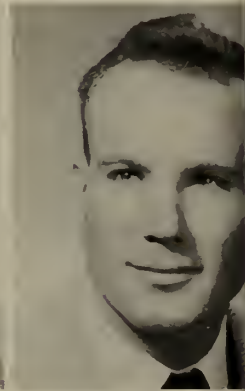
Frank Sebo
Forest
Basketball Team
Woodcraft
Skating



Robert Taylor
London



William Wight
Windsor



Jim Buchanan
Goderich

Form VIII '56



Bea Getty
London
Volleyball
Dancing
Reading



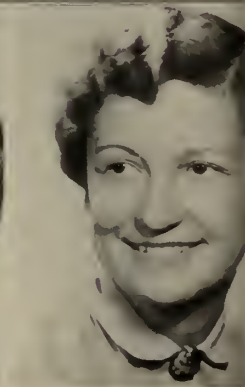
Anne Gibberd
London
Dance Int. Group
Cooking
Painting



Mary Anne Gleeson
Fletcher
Reading
Skating
Music



Jean Gonyou
Wallaceburg
Christian Fellowship
Literary Society
Poetry



Joy Greenwood
Mitchell
G.A.A.
Glee Club
Accordion

Form VIII '56



Suzanne Evans
Windsor
Dance Int. Group
Y.W.C.A.
Sewing



Ruth Fassold
London
Glee Club
Piano
Choral Singing



Hilda Feenstra
Sarnia
Christian Fellowship
Travelling
Bowling



Marjorie Field
Windsor
Travelling
Young People's
Work



Gail Finch
Sarnia
Swimming
Basketball
C.G.I.T.



Louise Finch
Windsor
Reading
Skating
Spectrum



Earlene Gripton
Strathroy
Dance Int. Group
Music
Photography



Jean Guise
Corunna
Christian Fellowship
Folk Dancing
Correspondence



Marilyn Haberer
Zurich
Glee Club
Reading
Piano



Marion Hamilton
St. Thomas
Oil Painting
Stamp Collecting
Tennis



Jessie Hardy
Sarnia
Dance Int. Group
Piano
Riding



Harriet Harper
Corinth
Inter-form Sports
Spectrum
Reading



Helen Heinrichs
Leamington
Glee Club
Inter-form Sports
Canoeing



Irene Henry
Sombra
Christian Fellowship
Volleyball
Sewing



Angela Herwin
London
Classical Music
Literary Works
Languages



Leona Hindmarsh
Riverside
Crafts
Reading



Cecilia Hogan
Mt. Carmel
Dancing
Sports



Dolores Hooker
Otterville
Skating
Swimming
Reading



Gloria Hoy
Chatham
Social Representative
Reading
Dancing



Esther Hustle
Tillsonburg
Christian Fellows
Writing
Poetry



Edith Jackson
Leamington
Flowers
Reading



Joan Johnston
Port Lambton
Dance Int. Group
Basketball
Hiking



Marilyn Johnston
Rutherford
Dance Int. Group
Basketball
Softball
Piano



Elsie Jones
Blytheswood
Roller Skating
Picture Collecting



Paul Brackenbury
Port Burwell
Glee Club
Woodworking
Swimming



Neil Eadie
Wingham
Glee Club
Travel
Piano



Jack Empey
Springfield
Volleyball
Basketball
Travel



Ken Fitchett
London
Hockey
Baseball
R.C.A.F. Reserve



Malcolm Gilbert
Sarnia
Music
Travel
Reading



Edward W. Gould
London
Glee Club
Hunting
Reading

Form VIII '56



Harry Lunn
London



Adam Schuerman
Windsor



Tom Sims
Chatham



James Townshend
London
*Glee Club
Piano
Organ*



David Earl White
St. Thomas
*B.A.A.
Inter-form Sports
Archaeology*

Form IX '56



Norman Young
Folden's Corners
*Glee Club
Christian Fellowship
Gardening*



Sr. Elizabeth Ann
London
Oil Painting



Sr. M. Rose Angela
London
*Designing Greeting
Cards*



Eleanor Joyce
Essex
*Basketball
Piano*



Colleen Kennedy
Wheatley
*Choir
Handicrafts
Swimming*



Judy Kidd
Windsor
*Attendance Secretary
Choir
Sports
Art*



Betty Leatherdale
Ridgetown
*Choir
Sports
Dancing*



Donna L'Ecuyer
Chatham
*Photography
Stamp Collecting
Travelling*



Beverly Lees
Norwich
*Choir
Piano
Cornet*



Shirley Liebrock
Wheatley
*Shellcraft
Sports
Travelling*



Gayle Logan
Chatham
Glee Club
Pencil Drawing
Sports



Kay Malott
London
Painting
Singing
Collecting Figurines



Mary McLean
Newbury
Sports
Reading
Making Scrapbooks



Sue Merrall
Caledonia
Student Parliament
Reading
Tennis



Dianne Merrim
Windsor
Choir
Piano
Sports



Peggy Mertes
Sault Ste. Marie
Social Representative
Volleyball



Donna Grace Mills
Woodham
Horseback Riding
Sulky Driving



Mary Jane Mullins
Woodslee
Reading
Cooking



Thelma Murray
Melbourne
Christian Fellowship
Hiking
Reading



Sallie Neale
Windsor
Swimming
Basketball
Ping Pong



Shirley Owen
Mull, R.R. 1
Choir
Reading
Swimming



Sister M. Clement
London
Painting
Sewing



Marlene Kornelsen
Wheatley
Dance Int. Group
Sewing
Photography



Eleanor Lappin
Windsor
Y.W.C.A.
Reading
Record Collection



Barbara J. Laven
Hensall
G.A.A.
Guides

Form IX '56



Jean Law
Windsor
Spectrum
Reading
Art



Lois Martin
Thamesville
Volleyball Team
Sports



Betty McAlister
Wallaceburg
Glee Club
Sports
Piano



Emily McBride
London
Inter-form Sports
Reading



Betty McIntyre
Highgate
Volleyball Team
Glee Club
Piano



Diane McLean
Harrow



Marjorie Mills
North Ekfrid



Frances Minielly
Windsor

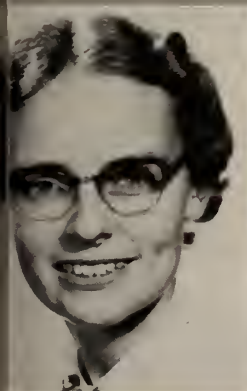


Janet Mitchell
Windsor
Ballet
Gymnastics
Badminton



Elaine Moore
Windsor
Swimming
Skating
Basketball

Form X '56



Audrey Morningstar
Croton
Glee Club
Literary Society
Dancing



Shirley Ann Page
Ipserwash Beach
Library
Christian Fellowship
Swimming



Marie Parkinson
Denfield
Volleyball
Ice Skating



Shirley Parr
London
Literary
Boating
Cub Work



Leila Patterson
Bothwell
Literary Society
Inter-form Volleyball
Nature Hikes



Bettyann Peltier
Pain Court
Inter-form Volleyball
Skating
Sewing



Margaret Perry
Glencoe
Glee Club
Christian Fellowship
Sports



Anna Phillips
Strathroy
Glee Club
Inter-form Volleyball
Reading



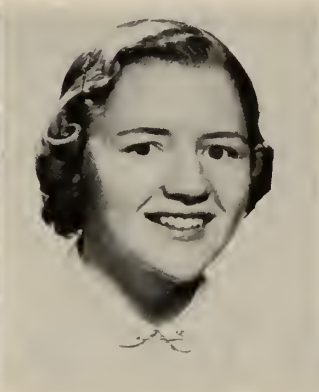
Frances Piggott
Innerkip
Glee Club
Swimming
Piano



Suzanne Purto
Windsor
Student Parliame
Records
Reading



Lorna Richards
Dresden
Dance Int. Group
Skating
Sewing



Rita Roberts
Sombra
Inter-form Volleyball
Sewing
Sketching



Margaret Russell
Sarnia
Inter-form Volleyball
Reading
Skating



Janet Saunders
Windsor
Library Club
Music
Reading



Marilyn Scott
Kingsville
Inter-form Volleyball
Drawing
Bowling



Grace Shanks
Wheatley
Glee Club
Spectrum
Sports



Joyce Sifton
Walkers
Glee Club
Inter-form Volleyball
Photography



Pat Smith
Windsor
Spectrum
Leathercraft
Poetry



Jo-anne Snyder
Windsor
Music
Tennis
Skating



Ruth Soldan
Hensall
Volleyball
Music
Reading



Joanne Staddon
Kingsville
Inter-form Volleyball
Christian Fellowship
Hiking



Donna Stanley
Denfield
Glee Club
Roller Skating
Knitting



Ann Stein
Wheatley
Glee Club
Reading
Sketching



Rosemary Sutts
Amherstburg
Dancing
Reading



Jane Anne Taylor
Leamington
Literary Society
Knitting
Dramatics



Mary Telfer
Ilderton
Student Parliament
Singing
Sewing



Margaret Teron
Windsor
Glee Club
Library Club
Tennis



Irene Toprosky
Windsor
G.A.A.
Bowling
Skating



Irene B. Tremaine
Forest
Sewing
Reading
Primary



Lorraine Tucker
Woodstock
Glee Club
Inter-form Volleyball
Reading



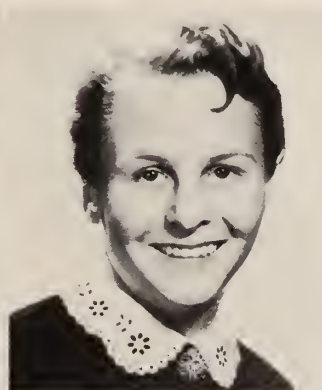
Elaine Turner
Wallaceburg
Glee Club
Stamp Collecting
Foreign Correspond.



Marhuerite
Van Cauwenberghe
Leamington
Inter-form Volleyball
Hiking



Joan Vogt
Port Elgin
Christian Fellowship
Reading
Swimming



Marlene Wagner
Zurich
Glee Club
Reading
Skating



Donna Watson
Tupperville
Glee Club
Skating
Reading

Form X '56



Doreen Wells
Windsor
Inter-form Volleyball
Reading
Hiking

Merle Weston
Windsor
Glee Club
Piano

Katherine Wigle
London

Sheila Williams
Aylmer

Marilyn Wilson
Brigden

Elizabeth Young
Sarnia

Form XI '57



Mary I. Anderson
Parkhill
Glee Club
Dancing
Photography

Henry F. Atkinson
Blenheim
Glee Club
Gun Collecting
Piano Playing

Joanne M. Barclay
Thamesville
Dancing
Music

Mary M. E. Birtch
Woodstock
Girls' Athletic Soc.
Glee Club

Shirley K. Clark
London
Sewing
Reading



M. Jane F. Cocarell
Sarnia
Ice Skating
Dancing
Swimming

Bonnie E. Cornell
Glencoe
Glee Club
Christian Fellowship
Piano

Barbara J. Cosyn
Leamington
Roller Skating
Ice Skating
Basketball

Beverly A. Dagleish
Tilbury
Glee Club
Music
Athletics

Margaret A. Gordon
London
Glee Club
Cooking
Reading



John I. Hansford
Wallacetown
Baseball
Basketball
Volleyball



Mary A. Houle
Chatham
Reading



Janice M. Jackson
Chatham
Student Parliament
Glee Club
Volleyball Team



Erhardt L. Kaden
London
Choir Representative
Glee Club



Donna M. I. Little
Glencoe
Dance Club
Leathercraft



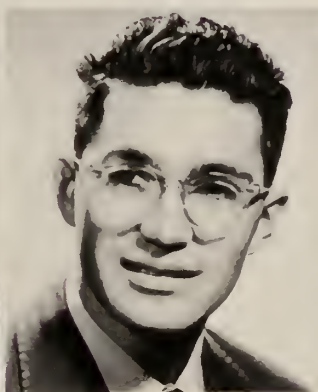
Ted Luscher
Thedford
Hunting
Wood Working
Flying



Donald MacCallum
West Lorne
Glee Club
Social Representative
Reading



Robert W. Mathers
London
Glee Club
Model Aircraft
Model Boats



Alan D. McCallum
Windsor
Glee Club
Literary Soc. Rep.
Golf



Barbara J. McCord
Port Burwell
Accordion
Travelling
Stamp Collecting



Patricia McEachren
Glencoe
Piano
Public Speaking
Dancing



Carla G. Moore
London
Glee Club
Piano
Girl Guides



Pauline Normandin
Chatham
Glee Club
Travel



Mary Lou Ponton
London
Glee Club
Table Tennis
Badminton



Marlene J. Potts
Fort Erie
Glee Club
Year Book Rep.
Oil Painting



Glen R. Skuce
Oshawa
Sports
Art
Piano

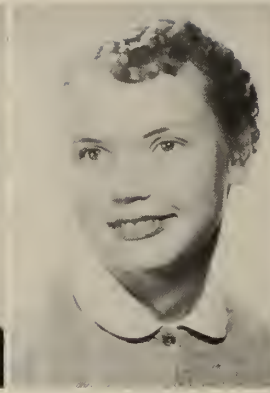
Form XI '57



E. Charles C. Slater
Leamington
*Boys' Athletic Rep.
Making Furniture
Photography*



Norma J. Stoltz
Cottam
*Sports
Playing Trumpet
Cheerleading*



Saundra Tincknell
Woodstock



Sylvia V. J. Tormasy
Aylmer



Helen M. Wilson
Springfield



Kathryn A. Z
West Lorne

Form XII '56



Olive Bain
Glencoe
*Christian Fellowship
Reading*



Helen Blair
Bayfield
*Swimming
Skating
Basketball*



Anne Brydone
Milverton
*Glee Club
Reading
Travel*



Yvonne Burnett
Courtland
Glee Club



Henrietta Cambala
*Glee Club
Music
Reading*



Gwendoly Campbel
Wallacetow
Three Children



Rose Marie Caron
Port Lambton
*Glee Club
Social Committee
Music*



Elizabeth Fisher
Forest
*Literary Society
Music
Sports*



Leonard Fox
Amherstburg
*B.A.A.
Hunting*



Margaret Gray
Shetland
*Sewing
Dancing*



Irene Henderson
St. Mary's
*Reading
Sewing
Movies*



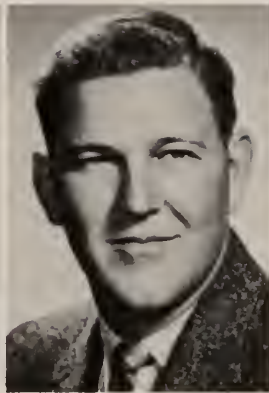
Shirley Hery
Clifford
*Dance Int. Gr.
Reading
Skating*



Frances Hickey
Merlin
Reading
Singing



Roger LaLonde
Windsor
Literary Society
Glee Club
Cheerleader



Don Lamarsh
Leamington
Literary Society
Reading
Basketball



Gilberte Letourneau
Windsor
Glee Club
Piano
Bowling



Carmen Llewellyn
Sudbury
Reading
Bridge
Child Study



Margaret MacVicar
Harrietsville
Dance Int. Group
Sewing
Knitting



June McGrath
Sarnia
Student Parliament
Foreign Language
Singing
Dancing



Sandra Moore
St. Thomas
Literary Society
Painting
Badminton



Joyce Murray
Embrow
Inter-form Sports
Reading
Travel



Shirley Newman
Windsor
Library Club
Travel
Cooking



Shirley Perriam
Arkona
Library Club
Dance Int. Group
Reading



Melba Peters
Wallaceburg
Glee Club
Skating
Dancing



Lorraine Potter
Sombria
Glee Club
Singing



Mary J. Pritchard
Woodstock
Dance Int. Group
Music
Sports



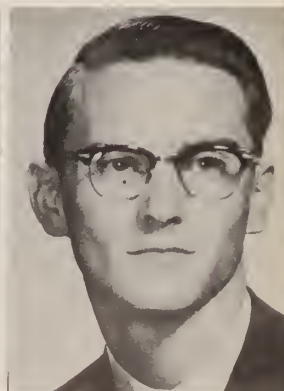
Mary J. Pritchard
Petrolia
Dance Int. Group



Lois Sharples
Embrow
Dance Int. Group
Inter-form Sports
Reading



Betty Shepherd
Cedar Point, Forest
Literary Society
Boating
Archery



Gore Shepley
Lambeth
Reading
Travel



Audrey Smith
Forest
Music
Art
Sewing



Marie Spence
Ridgetown
Literary Society
Painting
Music



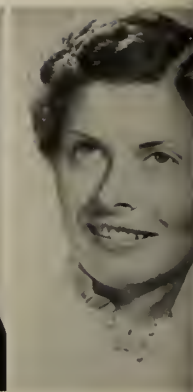
Mary Sullivan
Sarnia
Glee Club
Skating
Piano



Margaret Thomson
London
G.A.A.
Folk Dancing
Reading



Evelyn Termaine
Forest
Glee Club
Swimming
Badminton



Helen Tric
Forest
Skating
Painting
Sewing



Lorraine Vickery
Leamington
Glee Club
Singing



Glenda Wardrop
Sarnia
Glee Club
Christian Fellowship
Music Teacher



Adele White
Paisley
Glee Club
Music
Art



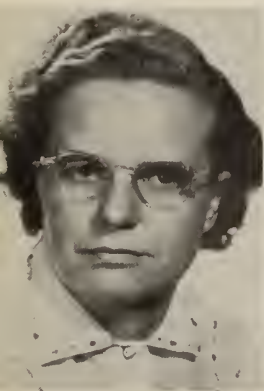
Florence White
Thamesville
Spectrum
Dancing
Sports



Mary Wilcox
Thamesville
Sewing
Reading



Irene Willoughby
Watford
Christian Fellowship
Sunday School
Reading



Mabel Youngs
Sombra
Library Club
Christian Fellowship
Reading



Marlene Lukash
Riverside
Glee Club
Literary Society
Photography



Donald Smith
Watford
Basketball
Literary Society
Golf



Sr. Margaret Anne
London

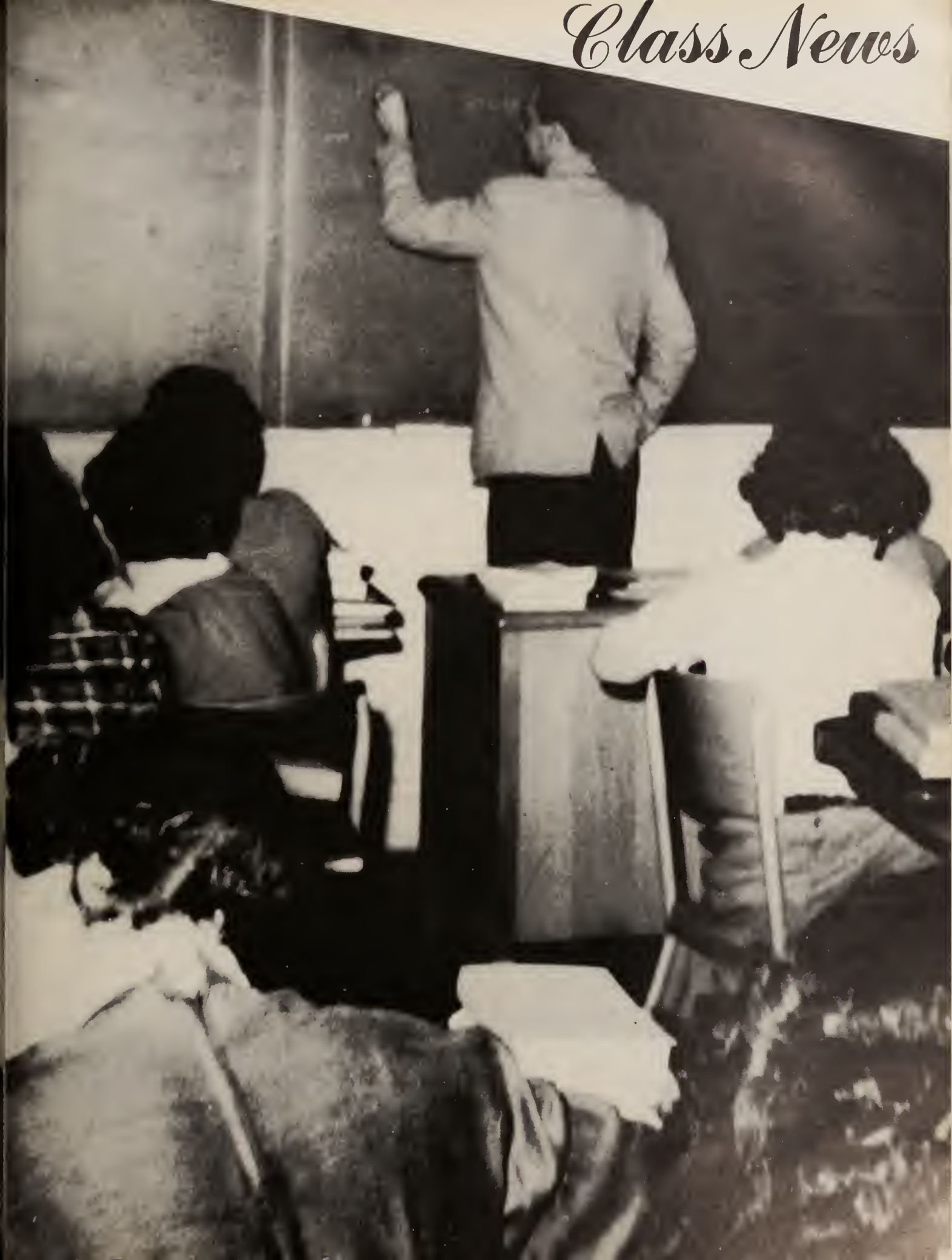


Sister Francine
London



Sister Sheila
London

Class News





Form 1 '56

LAST September, as we of Form One first entered the doors of L.T.C., a new chapter in our personal and educational development began. We were eager and full of anticipation.

The first days were confusing as we were pushed from garret to dungeon of our ancient edifice. After jumping up and down for 15 times without stopping, our exhaustion was minor to our relief when the medical officer announced that our stamina was sufficient for the rugged ordeal ahead. The routine began.

In Science class, perched on stools of staggering height, more than one of us fell victim to a dizzy faint. Here we met our Form teacher. Mr. Massey made us feel quite at home until he startled us with our first assignment — "Draw a cup of tea." We got used to it.

Psychology classes were confusing too, but we were new at this business. After deep thought and serious meditation we revealed our innermost character by divulging such information as, "My favourite animal is a dog." Obediently we followed the instructions of our "big brothers and sisters" of the two year course, and found ourselves completely winded after sessions of blowing ping-pong balls across a table for big sport. Remember being "bunnies" cooly bouncing through trick rings?

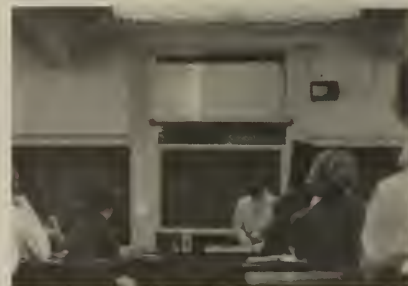
The old high school challenge "You'll soon be university material" was replaced by a new challenge — "You are a Grade One class today. Your name can be Buster and you are Suzzy." Any apprehension concerning whether or not L.T.C. was a place of higher learning was soon dispelled. It must be since we no longer had teachers but "masters."

The second week was shocking. "In two weeks you will teach your first lesson." We trembled into that first classroom clutching concrete material in one hand and a meticulously written lesson plan in the other. What would we do? Most of us don't remember what we did do but our success was evident in our low mortality rate.

Teaching for a whole week seemed impossible. It took a whole week to prepare for one half-hour lesson.

Our dances were eagerly anticipated but always concluded with the frustration-born comment, "If only there were some men around here!"

The term is closing now, and the varied squares of the jig-saw begin to take form. These pieces fit. We are learning to be teachers. Our eagerness and enthusiasm are still fresh and we look forward to returning for our graduating year at Teachers' College.





More weeds??



How to manage a classroom.



More notes?



Pupil participation.



Gone again!!



Form 1.



Motivation!!



Form II '56

IN a college for teachers in London they say
 There's a room high up under the eaves,
 And gone are the teachers of grandmother's day,
 But the newest editions will please.
 Marion Austin—from Woodstock, you know,
 Is shy and in love — her piano says so.
 Though Lois from Rodney is seldom on time,
 Her beautiful smile adds charm to my rhyme.
 The assemblies are better than ever, they say,
 'Cause Mary works hard in her usual way.

To look at Beth Bentley is really a treat,
 Her dark hair and smart clothes always so neat.
 Marie Bond's a blonde, as maybe you've guessed,
 In a school in Oxford she'll square dance her best.
 Beautiful Velda with shining black eyes
 Knows that to be quiet is sure to be wise.
 Though Janet is charming, she's late too, I fear,
 But she'll try to improve as she starts the new year.
 Joan Campbell is clever, on that we'll agree,
 To play the piano, she works tirelessly.
 Perhaps Mary Eleanor pouts a wee bit,
 But she's tiny and friendly and we do like her wit.
 Clever Barbara can understand
 To be truly happy we must "Lend a Hand."
 Our literary program was surely a trick,
 With the "Can't say no" girl, Glenda Dietrich.
 And one of these days, I'll see on T.V.
 Pretty Miss Eldridge singing to me.
 Blonde Margaret Fisher works hard with the rest,
 Earl Terry chose her — she's one of the best.
 And headed for Ottawa is Mary LeClair,
 Her friends number many and are found everywhere.
 Jane's staying in London — a fine seam she sews,
 And is civically minded as everyone knows.
 Though Shirley's a fine little teacher we know,
 She's willing to learn how to cook and to sew.
 And Mr. McKenzie's daughter, Marlene,
 Is left-handed, still she's a worker that's keen.
 Another dancer, with a gentle voice,
 Is Kathryn McMillan — a very good choice.

And thoughtful Ruth will go a long way,
 She's pretty and quiet and her smile's very gay.
 To be a good teacher, sweet Lois knows,
 Requires good marks and immaculate clothes.
 No history needs Janice. It's readily seen
 She worked hard to acquire part of thirteen.
 Laughing Ann Nabb in the suburbs will stay
 To teach quietly and happily many a day.
 Clever Carol has fine clothes and good grace,
 And always a thoughtful look on her face.
 How tiny Janet, with such tiny hands
 Can enjoy reading Hamlet I don't understand.
 Methinks blonde Joan Olver an artist should be,
 But she is a good teacher I'm bound to agree.
 Though Dorothy O'Neill is friendly and sweet,
 Her ways with small children are really a treat.
 Mary Jane from Chatham came,
 Her snappy Charleston brought her fame.
 Even if Trudy is reserved,
 Praise for her decorating skills are deserved.
 Though Mary Anne's a teacher new,
 I'm glad she has a "Gold Cord" too.
 And our master, who is he? — this brawn of a man
 With patience a-plenty to spare.
 It is good Mr. Eaman — father to all
 He, our joys and troubles will share.
 We are ready to work now and it is quite true,
 We are young as new teachers can be,
 But we'll never forget where we all went to school,
 And lived as a big family.



London, March 20.—If anyone had looked in on Form 2 at Carol Needham's home, Tuesday night, they would have seen our lady teachers acting as pyramids or horses, and the students as camels, a merry-go-round, or even the Sphinx. The occasion was a rousing game of charades at our shower for Mrs. Johnston — now Mrs. Jones.

The guest of honour was presented with a corsage of red rosebuds and a china figurine as a small token from our class.

Many thanks go to Carol and her helpers for a very enjoyable party.

Thursday, May 10, is the date set aside by our class for a luncheon party. This is to be a final Form party but we will also be honouring Mary Anne Artiss, who has done so much for us during our two-year stay at L.T.C. Mary Anne is also getting married this summer.





Form III '56



The time has come the masters said to talk of many things,
Of contracts, schools, and interviews, mixed with engagement rings.
For countless days we pondered just when or where to start,
And whether we could leave our folks without a broken heart.
We tossed and turned for many nights but all to no avail.
And each new morning with favored eye pursue the *Globe and Mail*.
At last there came the fateful day — we all prayed to the Lord,
That we'd survive the grim ordeal before each fiendish Board.
The students came in Sunday best, lined up before each room,
And trembling stood while friend and foe went quietly to his doom,
The interviews soon were all done, they said just go and wait.
Then while they looked our records up, our eyes were filled with hate.
The Boards, our records in their hands were wandering through the halls,
And students, heads halfbowed in prayer, were waiting for their calls.
The second interview was called, the time was drawing near,
To celebrate with joyful voice or just to shed a tear.
It was not bad, we later said, and all the time we knew
We could not possibly fail to pass the stiffest interview.
Two years have passed since first we met on London's ancient strand,
And now, successfully, we must part — our contracts in our hand.

Future Form 3ers:

Mary A.—feeding butter tarts to her kids.
Dick A.—trying to grow a moustache.
Don C.—teaching with a hat on.
Jim C.—partnership with Elvis Presley.
Jack D.—barber in spare time.
Anne G.—a loving mother.
Rilla G.—census taker.
Jim G.—principal of L.T.C.
Marj. H.—modelling for Spirella.
Dorothy H.—repairing T.V. sets.
Sheila H.—living in Zurich.
Sherwood H.—caught.
Marilynn H.—Sup't of Physical Training.
Marion H.—Pres. of Teachers Federation.
Malcolm K.—building wider lawnmowers.

Marvin L.—coaching basketball—grade one.
Noreen M.—teaching tap dancing.
Tom N.—teaching in a T-shirt.
Betty R.—a conscientious teacher.
Evelyn S.—housewife.
Phil S.—teaching Dutchmen to speak English.
Eileen S.—searching for Lyle.
Arline S.—auditioning boyfriends.
Helen S.—replacing Mrs. Jones.
Joyce S.—stand in for Jerry Lewis.
Ted T.—History specialist.
John T.—replacing John Labatt.
Shirley T.—teaching psychology.
Anne T.—Mrs. Leamington of 1966.
Mary W.—Church soloist.



I Remember:

Orientation—“*Please don't fail me again.*” . . . Eight weeks' teaching—
“*Maybe if I do some browning, I'll get better marks.*” Parties—“*Please send some men.*” Those in apartments—“*Let's eat out today.*” . . . Form 2—“*You took all our men.*” . . . Mon. Mornings—“*Groan.*” . . . Fri. noon—“*Sigh.*” . . . Lit. practice—“*I quit.*” . . . After teaching—“*Which week are we on?*” . . . Year Book—“*Come across or else.*” . . . Assembly—“*Oops, late again.*” . . . Afternoons—“*Anyone for cards?*” . . . Hamilton Basketball trip—“*Let's switch to Hamilton girls.*” . . . Christmas holidays—“*Sleep, sleep, sleep.*” . . . Easter holidays—“*Sleep, sleep, sleep.*” . . . Exams—“*Pass the coffee and cigars.*” . . . Guelph trip—“*Why aren't the O.A.C. courses longer?*” . . . Graduation Banquet—“*Sob, sob.*” . . . Ottawa trip—“*— — —*” . . . June exams—“*Count me out, I'm getting married.*” . . . Last day—“*Sob, write me.*”





Form IV '56

Our Class Party

PLAID Shirts and slacks were the entrance fee for our party. A new game was introduced called "Hooky Pooky." Some of the voices heard sounded more like mice and lions than teachers. We played a game called Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, in which progression from Hell to Heaven was the object. Needless to say, many of the players were in purgatory or the fiery depths most of the time. Here we separated those who concentrated from the chaff.

Form 4 Assemblies

From Oct. 24 to Nov. 18, 1955, Form 4 held sway in the auditorium during morning assemblies. Although announcements and business talk were important to our school, there were several occasions when the talents of our classmates came to life, from the quiet recesses of timidity. In the musical realm "The Discords," our harmonious octette, sang "Steal Away" and "It's Me, Oh Lord." Our own modern Ballet Co., under the able direction of Bill Gregg, showed us the finer art of classical dancing. Tod Becker read the thought-provoking poem "Ode to the West Wind" and Ralph Bos spoke on his native land, Holland. The elected committee responsible for the assemblies consisted of Mary Lou Babcock, Betty Ann Begg, Paul Barker, Bill Gregg, and Paul Getty. To all our class, and to our advisors, Mr. Eaman, and Mr. Devereux, the committee gives a vote of thanks and gratitude, for the successful programmes.

PETER GETTY

Yvonne Brown.
Yvonne Brown,
A quiet lass,
Is bound this year
To pass.
Agnes Burril.
Though our Agnes
May be small,
She still has plenty
On the ball.
Alice Cameron.
Alice Cameron is
Still a miss,
But it won't be long
Before she'll change this.
Audrey Campbell.
Audrey is the Campbell
fair,
When you need help
She's always there.
Donna Campbell.
An athletic girl
Is Donna C.
And a good teacher she's
Bound to be.
Florence Campbell.
The third Miss Campbell
In the row
Has dark hair
And eyes that glow.
Bette Authier.
Brown-eyed Bette,
So tall and slim,
Does ju-jitsu
To keep in trim.
Louise Pollock.
Louise, a very sprightly
lass,
Added much when she
joined our class.
Margaret Caffyn.
Margaret Caffyn,
Though she's last,
Is not least
In our class.

George Acres.
Of George
We seem to have little to
say,
Except that we're sure
In our memory he'll stay.

Paul Barker.
Paul hails from
Fair London town,
To it's name we're sure
He'll add renown.

Ralph Bos.
Here is to Ralph,
From the land of the
Dykes,
A teacher he'll be,
For teaching he likes.

Murray Down.
Murray is down,
Whether he is up or down
Or whether he's living
In country or town.

Oscar Chaput.
Little Oscar might be
small,
But highness does not
count,
For when a teacher he
will be
Any obstacle he will
mount.

Tod Becker.
A little baby daughter,
A little yellow car,
He's sure got lots of
talent,
And we know he's going
far.

Mal Capener.
This man is so full
Of dynamic personality,
It is sometimes hard
To credit its reality.

Ken Collier.
In getting a job,
Music stood him good
stead,
We hope it won't keep
him
Too long from his bed.

Chuck Davis.
He's a man of ambition,
For in his condition,
With family and all,
With a Buick super
He can't be a pooper.

Mev. Davis.
An oil man, a taxi man,
A woman's man to boot,
A pleasant chap, he is no
sap
And even sorta cute.

Wolfgang Fiequith.
From over the foam
Wolf did roam,
And here he finds
He is quite at home.

Peter Getty.
Questions and Jude
Are his claim to fame,
Peter Getty
Is this fellow's name.

Bill Gregg.
Few in the form
Can claim to be bigger,
But no one, I'm sure,
Is so full of vigor.

Isabel Alvarez.
Isabelle is sweet and kind
A gal who men would
hope to find,
She got her man and is
his wife,
We hope for them a
happy life.

Joan Poque.
A cheer for the good
cooking
Mrs. Joan Poque can do,
But there is even more—
She can also sing, too.

Joan Beresford.
There was a young lady
named Joan
Who started to talk on
the phone,
Twenty years from that
day
They took it away
And poor Joan was left
all alone.

Marilyn Black.
Our Marilyn's name
Is not Monroe,
But still she is destined
To find her own Joe.

Pauline Bondy.
The gal with the smile
That no one can miss,
Is our little Pauline
Who comes first with the
class.

Carolyn Brackstone.
This petite blond
From Chatham hails,
You should see her here
She never fails.

Janet Baldwin.
With a smile and a sigh
As Dick passes by,
That's our Janet
From Leamington high.

Mary Lou Babcock.
Mary Lou Babcock,
A girl full of vim,
Is pert, petite
And very trim.

Betty Ann Biggs.
Betty Anne from
Western U.

Always knows just
What to do.

Anne Birsdale.
Full of music,
Full of life,
She'll make some man
A talented wife.

Margaret Bowie.
Marg Bowie stands out
In the form 4 crowd,
When anything's funny
She laughs out loud.

Don Finkbeiner.
Don has a voice
Both deep and clear;
It is sure to help
And not interfere.

Gord Gallagher.
Gord's true self
Is hard to reveal,
But when it is found
It has its appeal.

John Durbey.
Now here is a rhyme
About John Durbey,
Whose manner is the
opposite

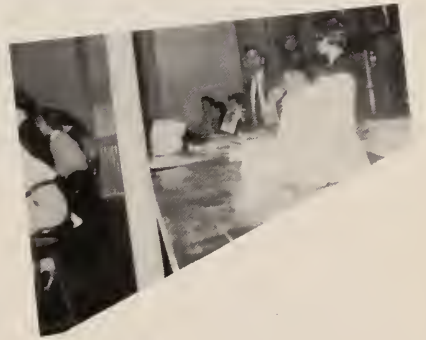
Of surly and burly.
Noah Bezaire.
Though his hair doesn't
hang

In waves and curls,
This man knows a lot
On the subject of girls.

Ken Ferguson.
As form representative
Our Ken has been swell,
We know that in teaching
He'll do just as well.

Ken Elliot.
From Thedford here's
Ken,

Neat in appearance,
In music he has talent
And loads of experience.





Form V '56

DEARIE, do you remember . . . our class party in Sept. when Mr. Hyde called square dances until we dropped to the floor in utter exhaustion; the thrill of passing an orange; the comedy of whipped cream and "stuck-down" pennies in a plate? That was the night when unfamiliarity yielded to the desire for friendship.

Remember the art from Miss LaCapria,
The fellows turned artists with feelings of glee,
The third floor shook with howls of delight,
But their art improved not one little mite.

Form 5 always seemed to be doing something constructive or otherwise. Mr. Ricki took it upon himself to get the Form in the news early with his question that stumped the panel and floored the experts.

Then along came Jolly Jack Shaw who was himself floored by a question that some poor pupil asked him during his first teaching period.

Do you remember . . . the dainty little dances in P. T.? . . . Miss Roberta Krause, and Miss Jackelyn Shaw made the prettiest ballerinas — pirhouetting to the graceful dance "Birdie Fly In."

The first teaching week showed us of what teachers should be made. Yet, many of us couldn't see this fact because of our nerves. Do you remember when you stood at the front of a class for the first time? I hope so, because for many of us there is a mental block in that direction of our memory. Yet, we survived.

The fire hall trip, with Miss Bergey, nearly finished Hill, McCaw, Munroe, and Shaw. They had to show the girls that they could be heroes and slide down the pole. Doug. couldn't hold hands after that.

Do you remember . . . the first sight reading test for Mr. Queen, when the boys displayed their rich, booming monotones. What a good group.

Gord Skinner hit the news by taking a huge bite out of the pet raccoon in the Science room. Gord had to get a tetanus shot after that furry mouthful.

As Miss Cross said, "I called Harry." Poor girl, she looked like a beet when Mr. Hyde gave her his A-1 Quizzical look.

In Psychology, Miss Falconer said that $CAT = \bar{I}^2$. Can she decide what dog equals?

Form 5's party took the form of a concert with themselves as performers. Guests were served in the gym, which had been gaily decorated with Miss LaCapria's help.

Then exams. Oh what a time of year — Euchre parties in the basement, and peek-a-boo games going on upstairs. The results — well, we won't go into that, although we were ready for the shock when it came.

The term was well filled with those dreaded assignments. (Oh, say, did you see Janet Cochran's ring? And I see that old Chuck Stamis is finished with the free life.)

The Ottawa trip sure cooled us off after our teaching weeks. Jack Shaw had a wonderful time trying to see Ottawa through that thick fog we picked up just outside of London. Several others didn't do so badly either. Oh well, we needed that "refreshing" week-end anyway. We noticed that Chuck was pretty well beat by Sunday. (Why??)

Do you remember . . . our shop periods. "Say, Doug, where did you buy the table?" A very common question in that class.

The "odd" ones put on the Lit. programme in Feb. What a glorious cast. The final rehearsal was put on for the benefit of Mr. Hyde, who seemed to think that the audience would enjoy the show because they wouldn't know what it was all about. Remember Katie getting the giggles when she was supposed to be dead?

Contract time, utter and complete chaos was finally reached. The Scarborough Kid took top booby prize, but most of the Form received teaching positions.

Now exams are again at our doorstep. Let's fulfill all of our contracts.

Favourite Sayings

Mr. Hyde: "All right grade 2, let's get on with School Management."

Bill H.: "Aw, c'mon to the show."

Jack S.: "Have we any homework for today? I was out last night."

Pam C.: "O. K. Stinger."

Derek W.: "Yes Miss Bergey, but . . ."

Bob K.: "Can't we have a tour through Labatts?"

Bill Y.: "But Miss LaCapria, you could drive us to Paris."

Janet C.: "He really is cute, you know."

Shirley D.: "O. K. Albert, cut the cards."

Laurie H.: "We better think this out men."

Joan C.: "I really can shout Bob."

Joe H.: "Should I give this bottle to Mr. Eaman?"

Wayne M.: "Don't put your finger in the saw, Harv."

Anne D.: "Can I borrow your toothbrush?"

George H.: "What is this thing called love?"

Marita C.: "I'll meet you outside at 12:30, Ken."

Donna C.: "Did you say something, Bob?"

Ruth D.: "Oh, Jackie, what a great, big fat bundle of joy."

Bill W.: "Hurry up, you Trinidad bum."

Ricki: "Mr. Chairman, I have a . . . da . . . question. Let a — me poot it dis away."



The meeting will now come to order —



C'est votre ville!



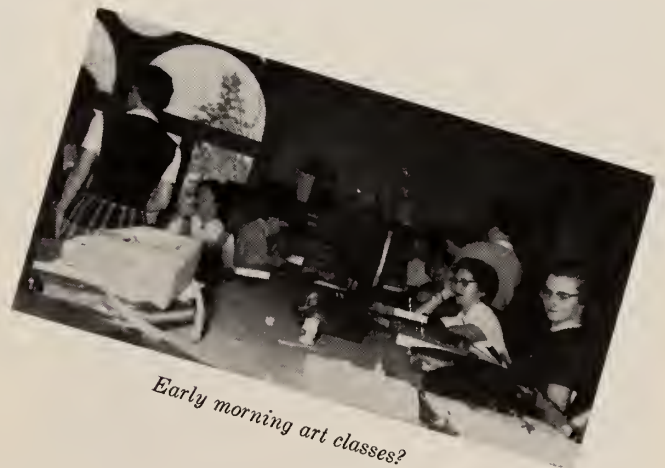
Is this your work?



Remedial work?



What'll you have?



Early morning art classes?



Form VI '56

OUT of the mad mass of confused humanity that's warmed through, got lost, (but unfortunately found themselves again) during our first week at L.T.C., a unique group was formed consisting of we the people Form 6. After recovering from our initial innocent delight at being accepted into early classes, we came to hate the grim reality of being rudely yanked out of bed in the middle of the night in order to be at school in time for mourning classes. That is, all but certain sly individuals who never arrived on time and whom the officials never

realized were supposed to be there. Following the preliminaries of reciting our names and home towns some observant individual noticed that Form 6 had been short changed — no males in our class — frustrating situation. However, it had its advantages, such as the confidential chats in Art Class where Miss LaCapria revealed that she had been waiting for a long time for the ideal number, 14 children. Math classes were always interesting. Mr. Hyde believed in applying psychology. In any all-girl class at least half of every period must be devoted to discussion based on the pupils' needs and interests — real gossip session. Mr. Devereux's classes really sent us — from Psychology to Psychosis! With the advantage of Miss Bergey's heavy courses in English I and II, we were soon inspired and sufficiently skilled in the fundamentals of Primary Methods and English Language to compose the following typical thesis on education:

Once upon a time there was a cow who went "Moo, moo, moo!" Beside that little cow was a pink pig who went "Oink, oink, oink!" A big brown dog said "Grough, grough, gggrough!" at the cow that went "Moo, moo, moo!" who was beside the little pink pig that went "Oink, oink, oink!" But a cat saw the big brown dog who said "Grough, grough, gggrough!" and said "Meow, meow, meow." And away ran the big brown dog who said "Grough, grough, gggrough!" And then the little pink pig who went "Oink, oink, oink!" ran away. And then * the rest of Form 6 went "Snore, Snore, Snore."

In March, wedding bells rang for Janet Pell, and we were happy to entertain her at a Bridal Shower before she became Mrs. Charlie Stamas.

Through the mad rush of assignments, teaching, exams, and preparing for our class party, one member of our class was known to utter a profound statement: "People in our class can no longer hear, they can no longer see, they can no longer think. The fact is, people will no longer hear, see, nor think." However, Joe came to the rescue with her Sixties Pixies.

Full of enthusiasm, our girls formed a bowling league. It had a rugged history like this:

In September way back at the first of the year,
The Form Six bowling club shifted into high gear.
Each Tuesday at two our girls would parade
Down Richmond then Dundas to the famous "Arcade."
Our practice and skill helped us improve all our scores,
But the pin boys we hit gave out terrible roars.
The hardest of all pins to get down was the four,
We were tempted to leave for the pool room next door;
Instead, our Masters came to the rescue with long assignments each to be handed in right away and so endeth the bowling league and this poem.

Form 6 has had a lot of fun,
We're all such happy fools,
We're always kept on the run
At home and at our schools.

Jane is always late for class,
With Lois often trailing;
They try to get a good excuse,
For they're afraid of failing.

Donna and Rae crack the whip
To make us write some news,
As they slip out they say to us:
"Write anything you choose."

Marlene is tearing at her hair
To make us practice singing,
And Georgie's running all
around
To get our party swinging.

Our party was the 'Cotton Ball'
We practised hard and long.
Our minstrels, the 'Powder
Puffs',
Gave us jokes and song.

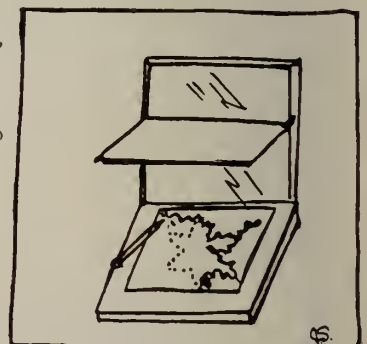
Our student rep. is Vivian,
A very busy lass,
And Nancy is the G.A.A.
Convenor for the class.

'Al' for her songs is renowned,
And Marion Smith is too.
Anne Hanselman, our pianist,
Can play both gay and blue.

Marg. Morley went to Toronto
To represent our schools.
The trip to our fair Ottawa
Sure pointed out the fools!

Mary Marg is here and there,
She's always in a tizzy.
Bernice, our big bad wolf,
Was making Sharon dizzy.

Miss Bergey, poor counsellor,
Has had a time, I know,
And lastly there is me, I guess,
Scolding, tardy, Jo.



From psychology to psychosis

This year has been packed full with new experiences and new friends for all of us in Form 6. We are eager to leave our student days behind us and to begin our professional careers. Still we all agree it has been great to be here.



"Powder Puffs"



Ain't I naughty?



Down in the alley.



Just one of those girls



Ruff stuff.



Oh!



Form VII '56

THE FUTURE

In Windsor Mae Allan will be directing her own angelic choir. Donna Allison will still be carrying attendance sheets to the office. Will Shirley Anderson still be looking up her grade 5 students? Muriel Armstrong will still be going home for the week-end dances even though she is 1000 miles away from Merlin. Still arranging groups for singing will be Shirley Baxter. John Beer will be a tester in an Italian wine cellar. Will George Bice still be saying "And how much are the pamphlets, sir?" Frances Black, as an exchange teacher will be singing torch songs in some secluded cafe in Paris — after hours. Linda Blackwell will still have conferences with Donna. Thora Blakely will be doing her best to get transferred to Siberia. Geraldine Brackenberry will be raising her own basketball team. In Ireland will be found Ted Brereton teaching the leprechauns their a, b, c's. Will Marion Brown still be recognized as the "Lady known as Lou?" Jim Buchanan will be president of Canada's Audubon Society. Teaching pygmies in central Africa will be little Pat Campbell. Gail Carberry won't be leading her class in school cheers. Rosalie Cattell will have the most extensive collection of Rock Hudson pictures for Health lessons. Janet Cole won't have to say "I hope it is not too late for this assignment." Fiddling her hours away will be Ethel Couling. Shirley Dunn will surprise them all when she gets out her accordeon. Helen Crawford will still wonder what happened in the first car. Will Nabe Daniel be heard to say "Come, come pussy?" Teaching all her lessons in song will be Florence Darnell. Between lessons, Margaret Dawson will be munching on an almond chocolate bar. There will be no more indirect communication from Huron College for Ann Deneiko. Anne Denomy will miss her three-fifteen break. Frank Sebo and Doug Dew will still be the quietest teachers in the school. Dee Doan will still be wondering what was said in the Ottawa reports. Muriel Douey may finally agree with Mr. Queen on how to sing "Mary and Martha." When their names have been changed from Miss to Mrs., Ellen and Louise Dreidger will not be confused as sisters. Jean Duncan will be getting ready her own little children for school. Ruth Etcher will now be wearing her diamond permanently. Karen Evan will be modelling the latest hair styles from Greece. The voice of Bill Flemming will echo throughout the jungle of deepest Africa, these words, "Miserable Wretch." Joe Gilpin, wherever he may be, will be teaching tiny tots of Noah's Ark. Brother James and Brother Herbert will still be keeping people from saying what they shouldn't. Phil "Liberinski" Lowery will be teaching his students to polish candleabras. Up in Siberia, Bob Taylor will have difficulty in finding someone with which to argue. Bill Wight will be Canada's famous connoisseur of vodka.

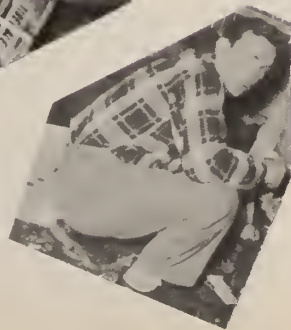
Mae Allan — *All I want is loving you and music, music, music.*
 Donna Allison — *Dear John.*
 Bob Taylor — *I'd like to get you on a slow boat to China.*
 Marion Brown — *Naughty lady from shady lane.*
 Phil Lowery — *I'll be seeing you.*
 Driedger, Ellen — *Ain't they sweet.*
 Bill White } *Roll out the barrel.*
 John Beer }
 Ruth Etcher }
 Jean Duncan } *Love is a many splendoured thing.*
 Shirley Dunn }
 Anne Deneiko — *A pretty girl is like a melody.*
 Bill Flemming — *His own composition "Miserable."*
 Muriel Douey } *Smoke gets in your eyes.*
 Helen Crawford }
 Ted Brereton — *Did ye're mither come from Ireland?*
 Anne Denomy — *Bill.*
 Jim Buchanan — *Mr. Wonderful.*
 Frances Blake — *Buttercup.*
 Joe Gilpin — *Captain of the Pinafore.*
 Thora Blakeley — *I'm just a girl who can't say no.*
 Pat Campbell — *You are my sunshine.*
 Shirley Anderson — *School days.*
 Karen Evans — *Sophisticated Lady.*
 Linda Blackwell — *Dance with me Henry.*
 Naboth Daniel }
 Doug Dew } *Stouthearted men.*
 Frank Sebo }
 Delores Doan — *Three o'clock in the morning.*
 Gail Carberry — *Off we go.*

When we came to this relic called old L.T.C.
 Some of us hated it, and I'll admit one was me.
 For we had no idea of the things we'd go through
 Before we were able to teach one week, then two.

Introduce, motivate, recap. and such,
 To most of us these didn't mean very much.
 But when our long teaching weeks finally arrived,
 Because of these new terms we've somehow survived.

And when this year has ended at last,
 We will think happily back on the things that have passed.
 To our party, our teaching, our dear Pinaforte,
 To our exams, and our teachers, and to many things more.

But greater than all of the things we have done,
 More permanent than all of the knowledge we've won,
 Are the friends we have made, the one's in Form 7,
 And although we'll split up, we'll never forget them.





Form VIII '56

Mood and Melody

Mr. Lunn — *I Wanna Girl*.
 G. Hoy — *Dungaree Doll*.
 Joy Greenwood — *Pretty Baby*.
 M. Gilbert — *Sixteen Tons*.
 Paul B. and Jack E. — *Chain Gang*.
 Mary Anne Gleason — *C'est Si Bon*.
 Mrs. Hindmarsh — *Mammie*.
 Harriet Harper and Dave White —
We Will Have These Moments to Remember.

Jim Townshend — *The Lost Chord*.
 Ted Gould — *Stranger in Paradise*.
 Edith Jackson — *Candy Kisses*.
 Neil Eadie — *My Hero*.
 Jessie Hardy and Angela Herwin —
Jingle Bells.
 Jean Gonyou — *A Woman in Love*.
 Tom Sims — *Love Is a Many Splendoured Thing*.
 Hilda Feenstra — *Let Me Go Lover*.
 Marion Hamilton — *The Naughty Lady of Shady Lane*.
 Norman Young — *Nature Boy*.
 Irene Henry — *Goodnight Irene*.
 Ann Gibbard — *A Pretty Girl is Like a Melody*.
 Marjorie Field — *Home on the Range*.
 Suzanne Evans — *Goofus*.
 Ruth Fassold — *You Are My Sunshine*.
 Gail Finch — *Buttons and Bows*.
 Louise Finch — *Slow Boat to China*.
 Bea Getty — *Take Me Out to the Ballgame*.
 Cecilia Hogan — *Ain't She Sweet*.
 Marilyn Haberer — *Oh You Beautiful Doll*.
 Helen Heinrichs, Dolores Hooker, Esther Hustler — *Three Coins in a Fountain*.
 Joan Johnston — *Daddy's Little Girl*.
 Elsie Jones — *Beautiful, Beautiful Brown Eyes*.
 Bill Scheurman — *Just Plain Bill*.

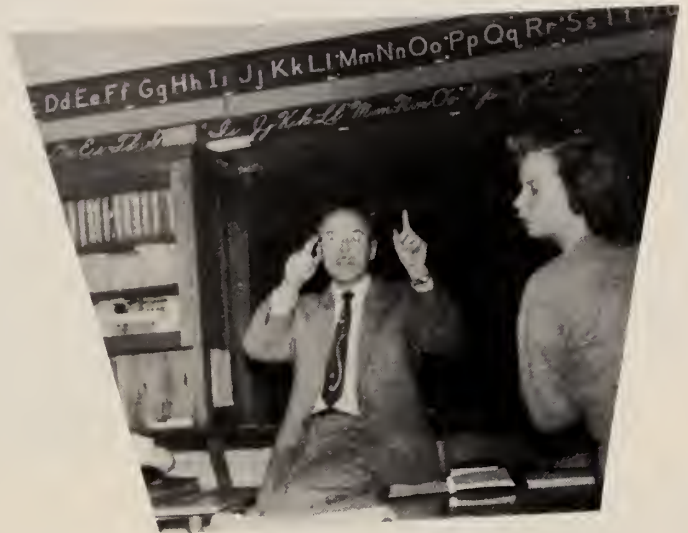
Can You Imagine—

Malcolm G.—our illustrious representative to the senate? (next Christmas a tape recorder).
 Edith J.—on water skis? (Psych-curves).
 Paul B.—counting the dips of ice-cream in a gallon? (Primary methods).
 Mrs. Hindmarch—with her pet frog? (M.A. 120).
 Bill S.—first mate on a banana boat? (out of season!)
 Miss Hogan—called from duty on her boss' knee? (and not for inventory!)
 Jim Townshend—extracting milk from cows? (and he's got as much push as pull).
 Louise Finch and Co.—refereeing Marciano as he terrorized the Red Wings? (all milk munchers!)
 Jack Empy—mixing one too many P's and Q's in a cocktail? (Pasteurized and quick).
 Marion H.—wearing the trousers in her flat? (Pick those pockets!)
 Edward G.—as anybody else? (A rose is a rose has arose!)

To Thee I Will

Cecilia Hogan — *another four inches*.
 Malcolm Gilbert — *a curly wig*.
 Ted Gould — *to the sultan, a harem*.
 Bill Scheurman — *ONE trip down the aisle*.
 Mrs. Hindmarch — *all of Lond's water*.
 Gail Finch — *a boy in Sarnia*.
 Bea Getty — *Hamilton mountain*.
 Mary Ann Gleason — *that eternal gleam*.
 Marion Hamilton — *life's supply of modelling clay*.
 Gloria Hoy — *the latter "a" — HAY*.
 Marjorie Field — *a motorbike to commute*.
 Jean Gonyou — *a sponge sandwich with filling*.
 Angela Herwin — *a little red one with eight grades*.
 Tom Sims — *free tickets to Chatham*.
 Jim Townshend — *income tax exemption*.
 Harriet Harper — *Dave*.
 Dave White — *Harriet*.
 Ann Gibbard — *an automatic light switch at the front for Mr. Dobrindt*.
 Neil Eadie — *a glass piano for our Liberace*.
 Marilyn Haberer — *Directorship of literary societies*.
 Mr. Dobrindt — *all good memories of Form 8*.
 Jean Guise — *faulty flash bulbs*.
 Jack Empy — *seeds, seeds and more seeds*.







Form IX '56

Favourite Expressions of Form IX.

- Sister Elizabeth Ann: *"One upon a time . . ."*
 Sister Rose Angela: *"One and two and three and . . ."*
 Sister Clement: *"Allright!"*
 Eleanor Joyce: *"Shoot!"*
 Colleen Kennedy: *"Gee, what a jamboree!"*
 Judy Kidd: *"Johnny."*
 Marlene Kornelson: *"Don't be like that."*
 Eleanore Lappin: *"Silence."*
 Jean Lavender: *"Holy Toledo."*
 Jean Law: *"Did I get a letter?"*
 Betty Leatherdale: *"What day is it?"*
 Donna L'Ecuyer: *"What's her name?"*
 Beverley Lees: *"Is Hamilton near Guelph?"*
 Shirley Liebrock: *"Hmm, I hate to say."*
 Gail Logan: *"Chatham!"*
 Kay Malott: *"Censored!"*
 Lois Martin: *"I don't care."*
 Betty McCallister: *"This is insane."*
 Emy McBride: *"You're asking for it."*
 Betty MacIntyre: *"Hello Til."*
 Diane McLean: *"St. George"*
 Mary McLean: *"I haven't started yet."*
 Sue Merrall: *"When I went to Alma . . ."*
 Peggy Mertes: *"I think I'd go to Toronto for the week-end."*
 Marjorie Mills: *"I wish my horse was her."*
 Donna Mills: *"Four years from now."*
 Frances Menielly: *"Don't call me red."*
 Janet Mitchell: *"Hi Chumly."*
 Elaine Moore: *"I'm going to the farm for the week-end."*
 Audry Morningstar: *"It's Friday."*
 Mary Jane Mullins: *"What happened to Paul's letter?"*
 Shirley Owen: *"What do we have to do?"*
 Sally Neale: *"Oh Peter!"*
 Dianne Merrimen: *"What do you want me to play now?"*
 Thelma Murray: *"Bob was up last night."*

Crumbs from the Bread Box

Our most hearty congratulations go out to Colleen Kennedy, Audrey Morningstar, Shirley Liebrock, Mary Jane Mullins and Lois Martin who will make their lives complete (with a man) in the very near future.

Marlene Kornelsen, our lass from Wheatley, has many friends, one of whom is giving her gray hairs — Holland and Waly.

Marjorie Mills — I wonder why her favourite pupils are named Ronnie. So emotional, isn't he?

Betty McAllister who's in our class

Shows herself to be quite a lass.

The marks she gets are really fine.

They certainly DON'T compare with mine.

Shirley Owens — this little lassie from Blenheim who is fast dwindling away to a shadow. (Is that the effect her chosen profession has upon her?) I wonder why Shirley has a preference for the name, Gordon, and the city (!) of Wallaceburg?

F — is for friendliness, the core of our class.
 O — is for oddities of which we have some,
 R — is for radiance which none can surpass,
 M — is for money of which we have none. (Yet!)

N — is for nine, our dear form's name,
 I — is for ideal, to which we must climb,
 N — is for noise, for which we have fame,
 E — is for END — the end of this rhyme.







Form X '56

A Bird's Eye View of the Girls in Form Ten . . .

Shirley Ann Page: *Form 10's little chore girl* — "Hm . . . not bad! not bad at all." . . . Marie Parkinson: *She goes with Jo-Anne—and someone else?* . . . Shirley Parr: "*Photography's my beat.*" . . . Leila Patterson: *If silence were golden, Liela would be a multi-millionaire.* . . . Bettyann Peltier: *How's the "male" delivery in Chatham, Bettyann?* . . . Margaret Perry: *Sorry, I couldn't get the goods on Glencoe's product.* . . . Anna Philips: *Strathroy's dark-haired lassy — Man! can she shake a mean leg!* . . . Francis Piggott: *Lorraine's sidekick, but not quite so quiet.* . . .

Suzanne Purton: *She knows her stuff — at least in History and English classes (I wonder why?)* . . . Lorna Richards: *The pride and joy of old L. K. D. H.S. How's the water supply back there? Would you like a little more?* . . . Rita Roberts: *What will it be, Miss? Pizza pie or amore?* . . . Margaret Russell: "*I can't decide where to sign. Too bad we can't have several contracts instead of just one. It would be much simpler!*" . . . Janet Saunders: "*Why do we have to have P.E. on Friday? I'm not in the mood that day!*" . . . Marilyn Scott: "*But Mr. Queen, I can't sing way up there. Can't I come back later?*" . . . Grace Shanks: *In Psych. class: "Golly I can't see where I'm going. This darn mirror gets me so mixed up."* . . . Joyce Sifton: "*All right girls, just stand back. I found this piper first!*" . . . Patricia Smith: *A cute little number who hails from Windsor way.* . . . Jo-Anne Snyder: *Another one of our quiet girls. She doesn't say much, but the wheels are still going round.* . . . Ruth Soldan: *She's quiet too — I wonder — what's her excuse for silence?* . . . Joanne Staddon: *The Robbie Burns of today — "Plaids! Woollens! Come an' buy 'em."* . . . Donna Stanley: *Not too talkative until "the red, red robin comes 'bob', bob, bobbin' along."* . . . Ann Stein: *Prof: "Where is the best agriculture in Canada carried on, Ann?" Ann: "In Guelph, of course."* . . . Rosemary Sutts: *She's quiet but thoughtful — about what, Rosemary?* . . . Jane Taylor: "*Why can't we get taller men around here? Even in heels they're still too short!*" . . . Mary Telfer: *The warbling canary of Form 10. "All right, everybody; one, two, three, sing!"* . . . Margaret Teron: "*Well anyway, library periods help in one way. I get caught up on all my mail there.*" . . . Irene Toprosky: *The girl with the permanent smile — Mona Lisa?* . . . Irene Tremaine: "*I can't sing and play at the same time! I just can't do it!*" . . . Lorraine Tucker: *The quiet dreamer of cell block 10. What's the matter Lorraine? Studies or "other?"* . . . Elaine Turner: "*No Sir! I wouldn't take one of those short farmers if you gave him to me!*" . . . Margerite Van Cauwenberghe: "*What did he say? Let me see what you have quick!*" . . . Joan Vogt: *Our representative from Port Elgin — Are you sure you gave us the only reason for coming here, Joan?* . . . Marlene Wagner: *Literary Director for 10B — She has her hands full too.* . . . Donna Watson: "*Quick, where can I "Hyde"? The 'Garb'age man is coming!*" . . . Doreen Wells: "*Guess what?—I got another letter from him today!*" . . . Merle Weston: *Who says Science is her 'favourite' subject? — Why, Merle, to be sure.* . . . Katherine Wigle: *Three cheers for Kathy! She made the Tartan Twirl the success that it was.* . . . Sheila Williams: *Neat, sweet, and petite. How's your "Charlie" horse?* . . . Marilyn Wilson: *P.D. H.S.'s contribution to L.T.C. — "Oh, a country school's the place for me!"* . . . Elizabeth Young: *Our little milkmaid — "Why wouldna the cow take it back?"*

To Thee We Will

Shirley Page — Robin Hood's suit.
Marie Parkinson — A cure for freckles.
Shirley Parr — A boat named "Old Parr."
Leila Patterson — Mr. Porte's art of questioning.
Betty Ann Peltier — A station at Prairie Siding.
Margaret Perry — A Bible Story.
Anna Philips — A pair of wooden shoes.
Francis Piggot — A Christmas in Australia
Sue Purton — A microphone for narrating.
Lorna Richards — Our Common Room decorations.
Rita Roberts — A paper bag bunny.
Janet Saunders — A diagram of animal tracks.
Margaret Russell — Straight hair.
Marilyn Scott — A queen's crown.
Grace Shanks — An automatic piano.
Joyce Sifton — A Scottish Piper.
Pat Smith — Mr. Dobrindt's smile.
Jo-Anne Snyder — Mr. Dobrindt's poetry.
Ruth Soldan — Black hair.
Jo-ann Staddon — Her sneaky camera.
Donna Stanley — One of the short stools from the Science Room.
Ann Stein — Eggs! And more eggs!

Rosemary Sutts — Twenty years.
Jane Taylor — Business experience and twenty pounds.
Mary Telfer — The "Brigadoon" music score.
Margaret Teron — A skipping rope and ball.
Irene Tropsky — A one-way to Ridgetown
Irene Tremaine — An oil can of maple syrup.
Lorraine Tucker — A Scottish Dance.
Elaine Turner — A boy from morning school.
Marguerite V. C. — The last name 'Jones'.
Joan Vogt — A hockey puck.
Marlene Wagner — All the mammals of Western Ontario.
Donna Watson — Someone to come and bend to her.
Doreen Wells — The signs of Spring.
Merle Weston — Mr. Queen.
Kathy Wigle — A knowledge of the catechism of the Presbyterian Church.
Sheila Williams — "Charley My Boy."
Marilyn Wilson — A face that doesn't blush.
Elizabeth Young — A Scottish brogue.







Form XI '57

TEN years hence, here's what Form 11 will be doing:

Mary Anderson: *Farmer's wife in Parkhill.*

Henry Atkinson: *Married teacher with a couple of prospective teachers.*

Joanne Burclay: *Already hitched for seven years.*

Mary Birtch: *Still trying to make up her mind what to do next.*

Shirley Clarke: *A minister's wife greeting friends and neighbours.*

Jane Cocerall: *Married and living in a small town called Sarnia.*

Bonnie Cornell: *A married teacher with three "small people."*

Barbara Cosyn: *Teaching her favourite grade (8?).*

Bev Dagleish: *Married to Jim—a forfeited profession to the fatal step.*

Margaret Gordon: *Teaching on "Kindergarten of the Air."*

Evelyn Hansford: *Teaching in a little rural school in southern Ontario.*

Mary Houle: *Teaching in Chatham — the place with horrible drinking water (as Mr. Fritz says).*

Janice Jackson: *"Retired" so there will be no danger of being called "Old Maid School Teacher."*

Donna Little: *Still grinning and bearing the struggle.*

Donald MacCallum: *Still teaching and saying — "and so forth."*

Bob Mathers: *Principal (in London) who says per usual, "Well, mm, let me see."*

Allan McCallum: *Principal of a school in the suburbs of Detroit — Windsor.*

Barb McCord: *A married teacher in a small town.*

Pat McEachren: *Married for the past 5 years but still gazing around.*

Marla Moore: *Same size, same personality but — married.*

Pauline Normandin: *Harpist in the Toronto Symphony in her spare time from teaching.*

Mary Lou Ponton: *A master at L.T.C.*

Marlene Potts: *Teaching away from home so she can meet people when riding on the train.*

Glen Skuce: *A married teacher living in Oshawa.*

Charlie Slater: *Teaching Industrial Arts in High School.*

Norma Stoltz: *Will probably have measles again if possible.*

Saundra Tormasy: *Living on a farm in Aylmer, known as God's Country by Mr. Fritz.*

Helen Wilson: *Married to a tall blonde — an ex-student of L.T.C.*

Kay Zoller: *Still looking as most teachers do — for new methods of teaching that is.*

Ted Luscher: *Principal, with his wife on the staff.*

With our "wonderful counsellor," Mr. Rogers, this is what we turned out to be.







Form XII '56

To Thee We Will

Olive Bain — *Our interesting science classes.*
 Helen — *Mr. Rogers appreciation of poetry.*
 Ann — *A 1957 Ford.*
 Yvonne — *Mrs. Cumming's story telling talent.*
 Henrietta — *Mr. Queen's music lessons.*
 Gwen — *Mrs. Johnston's powers in English.*
 Rose Marie — *Gore's extra 3 hours before class.*
 Elizabeth — *Mr. Walker's sense of understanding.*
 Len — *A basketball from the gym.*
 Margaret Gray — *A very successful future.*
 Irene — *Another trip to Europe to the wax soldier.*
 Shirley Henry — *Mr. Fritz's art of questioning.*
 Frances — *Our fond adieus to maidenhood.*
 Roger — *The extra \$200. Windsor didn't give him.*
 Don L. — *Henny's false fingernails.*
 Jill — *Miss Lawson's prescribed diet.*
 Carmen — *A successful career as a wife and mother.*
 Margaret McV. — *The extra chair in Math. class.*
 Terry — *Wisdom of Solomon, fortune of Rockefeller.*
 Sandra — *A bit of earth in memory of "Massa."*
 Joyce — *Miss Prendergast's gracefulness.*
 Shirley Newman — *Library books on psychology.*
 Shirley Perriman — *Miss LaCapria's Easter Hats.*
 Melba — *Henny's straight hair — rain, remember!*

Muriel — *Marg. Thompson's quietness.*
 Lorraine P. — *A course in dramatics.*
 Mary Jean — *Mr. Dobrindt's plaid tie.*
 Lois — *A leave for an R.C.M.P. journey.*
 Betty — *Mr. Queen's tallness.*
 Gore — *Roger's studious attitudes.*
 Audrey — *A new seat in English and History class.*
 Marie — *A stronger soprano voice.*
 Mary S. — *Mr. Queen's promptness for class.*
 Marg. T. — *Miss LaCapria's appreciation of art.*
 Evelyn — *Mr. Porte's terminology.*
 Helen T. — *Some of Florence's shortness.*
 Lorraine V. — *A happy swimming season.*
 Glenda — *Mr. Roger's method for teaching phonics.*
 Adele — *Mrs. Johnston's vocabulary.*
 Florence — *Helen Trick's tallness for basketball.*
 Mary W. — *Mr. Queen's handwriting.*
 Irene W. — *Don Smith's quietness.*
 Mabel — *Authoritative power of Mr. Biehl.*
 Marlene — *Happy troubles for the R.C.M.P.*
 Don S. — *A white gym uniform.*
 Sisters Margaret Ann, Francine, Sheila Marie —
God's blessing for successful years.

FLORENCE WHITE

What would Form XII be like if:—

Mary Sullivan ever got to auditorium on time.
 Don LaMarsh didn't always have a solution to problems.
 Glenda Wardrop didn't always answer History questions.
 Roger Lalonde didn't ask so many questions.
 Henrietta Cambala couldn't sing.
 Terry McGrath wasn't always saying "Oh Gad!"
 Florence White didn't present her problems in Psychology.
 Gore Shepley didn't arrive 4 hours early for class.
 The Sisters didn't arrive for a Wednesday Religion Class.
 Ann Brydone didn't have an accident going to Windsor.
 Don Smith didn't bother us at Table 9 in Psychology.

FRANCES HICKEY







ROVER

Roving Reporter

Does Teachers' College Provide Adequately for Individuality?

WE are living in a world of flux, a world of change. The Industrial Revolution opened up a new dimension of science and technology. Contemporary man was saturated with old ideologies, and he approached this new dimension with old practices. The result was misery and conflict, unemployment and war.

The change in the world brought by mass production and mass communication has caused many to feel that they are just another cog in the wheel of progress. The worker does not have the incentive, responsibility, nor pride of the former craftsmen to fill his need for personal worth. At present, the most serious threat to our democracy is not from communist or fascist countries but from within. It lies in our personal attitudes.

Man's aim is to realize an integrated life in which he uses his capacities to fullest extent. Education and social organization must fill this need. If our young people are to be fitted for the vital roles necessary in a true democracy, the keynote of our educational programme should be individuality. A school for perspective teachers has a heavier responsibility than other schools because the attitudes it fosters and upholds will indirectly influence the thousands of children who come in contact with these new teachers every year.

When students at Teacher's College were approached on this subject of individuality, many were at a momentary loss for a definition. Most reached the opinion that individuality consists of the qualities that make a person distinct but not unique.

When asked if Teachers' College provided adequate outlet and developmental opportunities for individuality, the following replies were received:

"I feel that a lack of individuality is evident here in the absence of school spirit." It would seem that this student believes the cause to be intrinsic.

Other students felt that the quality of individuality is potentially high but there is a need for more opportunities to express it. These students commented, "Morning assemblies limit talent to one performance." "There is no time allowed for developing other talents freely as there was last year." "Teachers' College students do not have enough time to work themselves into groups based on common interests."

Some students were in sharp disagreement. One stated, "In most cases adequate opportunities are present. Students get opinions of many others concerning a specific topic, and must evaluate them all to form their own opinion." A male student said, "Individuality is not as important at college as in practice teaching. All students can strive for individuality when teaching and preparing lessons."

A morning student felt that the whole school was set up to promote individuality. She stated, "It cannot help but provide a place for individuality. Each person is a vital individual or he would not have chosen this profession."

Perhaps there is room for improvement. If improvement is necessary the first step is made when a group can step back and evaluate itself. Is this not, in itself, an expression of individuality?

VIVIAN IRVINE.

Literary Society



Philip Sorrill



Marie Spence

SELF-EXPRESSION has a vital role in the maturation of young people. Literary Society activities provide student teachers with opportunities for this development.

The Literary Society has two basic aims. Firstly, students gain experience in creating, preparing, and presenting worthwhile programmes — a “must” in elementary schools. To meet this purpose, programmes should be organized by the students. They should generate original ideas, show thoughtful selection, and meet high standards of skill for public presentation.

Secondly, the programmes attempt to acquaint students with adult themes of cultural and recreational value. To meet this purpose the programmes must evidence a mature approach to adult ideas and interests. During the week most of our work is directed towards considering the child’s interests. The Literary Society provides a refreshing change.

Humour is important in these productions. As teachers we should be mindful of the need to take time to laugh at ourselves.

We feel that our year has been one of great satisfaction and achievement. Available talent always plays a part in determining the type of entertainment presented. When specific talents were available they were well used. When not, organization, originality, and co-operation were stressed. Thus we review our year with pride in the great variety of entertainment produced. We thank all those who have worked to maintain this high standard.

PHILIP SORRILL,
President Morning School Literary Society.

MARIE SPENCE,
President Afternoon School Literary Society.



Mr. S. Rogers, Miss Bergey, Marion Smith, Anne Deneiko, Jean Gonyou, Jane Taylor, Chuck Davis, Peter Chauvin, Marie Spencer, Audrey Morningstar.



Literary

Show Business

Form II opened the Literary Society's 1955-6 season with a musical theme in which the accent was placed on talent. The opening scene brought the audience into the midst of a Broadway show rehearsal. Attention was held by effectively creating the atmosphere of nervous tension and anticipation which is traditionally experienced by stars. Skillful script preparation allowed for smooth transition and presentation of solo and group songs from popular albums. Prominent in the show were scenes from "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers," "Showboat," and "Oklahoma." The curtain closed after an impressive finale sung to "There's No Business Like Show Business," which left the audience enthusiastic, satisfied, and wondering whether the teaching profession might lose some of its recruits to professional music.

A Child's Christmas

The Yuletide Season provided the theme for Form III's Literary Programme, "A Child's Christmas." Traditional legends and customs were depicted in the family circle as Grandfather told the story of "The Night Before Christmas" to little Kathy. Carolers approaching the window imparted the joyous spirit of Christmas as they blended voices in "White Christmas" and "Winter Wonderland." Toytown came to life and thrilled the audience with the "Dance of the Toys." Audience participation was enjoyed when the chorus moved into the audience and lead the entire school in "Santa Claus is Coming to Town."

Focus on the true meaning of Christmas was gained by depicting the Nativity Scene while the choir and narrator told of Christ's birth.

Effective scenery and costuming added reality and enjoyment to the presentation.

Canadiana

Form VI projected the audience into the scenic beauty, historic background, traditions and cultures of our great land in their presentation of "Canadiana." The object of the programme was to stimulate understanding and pride in Canada's prominent place in world affairs and in her high social and economic standards.

A travelogue across Canada from the Maritimes to the "Mighty West" was used. Coloured slides of typical Canadian scenery provided ideal backgrounds for corresponding song, dance, poetry, prose, and narration.

The climax of the programme was reached when the programme closed with the entire audience singing "O Canada" with renewed vigour.

Programmes

Saint Valentine

Valentine's Day provided a theme closely correlated with school room situations for Form III's second Literary Programme.

Parties at three school levels — primary, senior elementary, and college were enacted. Pointers concerning suitable activities, organization, and handling typical situations were interjected by the narrator as the parties progressed.

While the programme was geared toward presenting practical information for use in teaching, a dramatic portrayal of the life of Saint Valentine, audience participation during the singing of "Let Me Call You Sweetheart," and variety in treatment of the topics, made this programme very entertaining.

The Ins and Outs

Form IV's presentation of the play, "The Ins and Outs" was thought-provoking, stimulating, and even baffling. Typical scenes and conversations from teen-age life showed psychological situations that stimulated definite reactions in the players. After presenting the entire play, the actors "went back" over the identical situations and discussed moral and psychological values in order to gain more complete insight into their reactions and subsequent conduct. This resulted in more acceptable behaviour.

A panel discussion including audience participation showed that the psychological playlet can be of value in parent-teacher meetings, where problems of today's youth are discussed.

Fantasia

Can fantasy be used to encourage the desirable traits and behaviour in real life? queried Form V.

To introduce this topic the re-enacted a scene from "Alice in Wonderland," then "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs." Their castings were superb and their players seemed to have belonged.

In discussing the question, the affirmative threw a thunderbolt into the audience by exclaiming, "I do not see any murderers in the audience, although each member has read a number of such books!"

The negative retorted, "You have failed to show where such reading can assist to mature a mind."

The chairman concluded with, "What do you think?"






Literary



Accent on Stephen Foster

Friday, November 18th, marked the opening date for the Afternoon School Literary Society Programme of Activities. To preface its opening a brief welcome to the Society activities, and an explanation of their purpose was given by Society President, Mr. S. J. Rogers.

The Society's first presentation was launched by Form XII; its theme — Stephen Foster. A short introduction was read by Programme Director, Sandra Moore, revealing some aspects of the life and times of Stephen Foster, and the reason why he was so prolific a songwriter. The songs chosen by Form XII were designed to show that Foster could pen the most mournful of melodies, typified by "Old Black Joe," and also the merriest of ditties, typified by "Ring de Banjo."



Christmas in Many Lands

The second presentation on the Literary Society's Programme of Activities was staged December 2nd, by Form X.

In keeping with the time of the year, the topic was, "Christmas in Many Lands." Programme narrator, Sue Purton revealed some of the many customs particular to the celebrating of the Birthday of Christ in other countries, some of which were India, Holland, and Australia.

Form X portrayed young children in Holland preparing for the visit of St. Claus and his minion Black Peter, and showed all the excitement and anticipation characteristic of Canadian children at the approach of Christmas.

Young Indian children, too, were shown as joining with those of the rest of the world in honouring the Christchild on His Birthday; and in tribute to Him, the joyous singing of the time-honoured carols heralded the end of another successful production by the Literary Society.




"Twelfth Night or Epiphany"

On January 6th, Form IX presented the first Literary Programme in the New Year 1956.

Since this was the twelfth day following Christmas, the theme of the presentation was the celebration of Epiphany throughout the ages and throughout various countries.

On this day services are held in churches of all denominations. This part of the programme was very impressive for from a centrally lit candle on the altar candles were lit to represent the individual Christian, the Church, all denominations, and the world mission of the Universal Church.

The girls closed their presentation with the beautiful singing of the "Lord's Prayer," directed by Colleen Kennedy.



Programmes

"H.M.S. Pinafore"

On Friday, January 13th, the members of Form VII, under the direction of Mae Allan, presented some of the immortal songs of Gilbert and Sullivan in Trehearne's version of the H.M.S. Pinafore. As the curtain went up on the first act, the ship's crew and the ladies on board opened with the robust singing of "We Sail the Ocean Blue."

In the complicated story that follows, such well-known songs as "Carefully on Tiptoe Stealing" and "Let's Give Three Cheers" were sung. Happily, all ends well. The lovers are together, the Captain marries Buttercup, and the Admiral is satisfied with an old admirer, Hebe.

Some of the other numbers sung were "He is an Englishman," "Farewell My Own," and "He Loves Little Buttercup."

The narration was done by Robert Taylor; the accompanying by Louise Driedger; and the uniforms were obtained through the courtesy of H.M.S. Prevost.

Light Comes to The Dark Continent

On February 3rd, Form VIII presented a flash-back to the continent of Africa in its past and present. As the script was read by Jean Gonyou and Neil Eadie a review of explorers, doctor-missionaries, and natives passed across the stage.

Some of the tribes portrayed were the Arabs, Tuaregs, Zulus and the Watusi. The strange custom of marriage of the Zulu natives was presented, and the girls showed us how a Congo dance is done.

By this presentation we were given a clear picture of the customs and habits of the people of Africa.

Valentine's Day

On February 10, 1956, Form XII presented a charming programme giving the origin of the St. Valentine's Day symbols and customs. Roger Lalonde played St. Valentine in one version of his life.

Many brightly decorated valentines were displayed and their symbols explained. The red rose meant "I want to be in your arms," the fan, "Open your heart to me," and the lace, "You are ensnared." We listened to the beautiful songs rendered by Adele White, and other members of the cast. The programme was greatly enjoyed by all.

Peter Pan

A perennial favourite from the world of fantasy was the theme chosen by Form XI for its literary presentation. Although a child's topic, Peter Pan has won prominence as a story with appeal to all age levels.

The reception given this production might serve to disprove the prevalent theory that "an adult is not merely a child grown up."

To the Cast, and Staff Advisors, a well deserved thank you for recalling to mind the days when Peter Pan was not a fantasy.



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Athletics



L.T.C. 1955-56

November - The Morning and Afternoon Schools organized volleyball teams. Both teams played only one game because practice teaching consumed much time.

Nov. 8 - Afternoon school played a hard game against Central Collegiate. The team rallied strongly in the final minutes, but not enough for victory. Team members

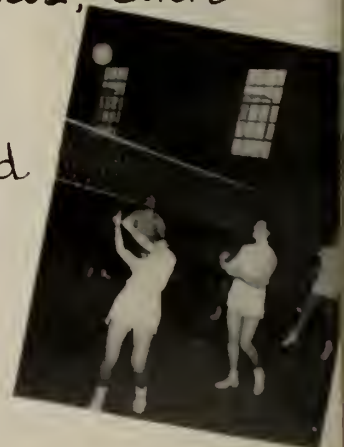
were Marlene Potts, Janice Jackson, Harriet Harper, Betty McIntyre, Henrietta Cambala, Lois Martin, Margaret Dawson, Lois Sharples, Bea Getty, Ruth Soldan, Jean Havender, Muriel Douley.



Nov. 15 - Morning School volleyball team went into action against South Collegiate. The team played hard but were defeated 14-45. Team members were Anne Noble,

Barb Cook, Trudy Pichard, Dot O'Neill, Marie Bond, Beth Bentley, Marg Bowie, Agnes Burrell, Donna Campbell, Janet Baldwin, Marita Cross, Nancy Francis, Ann Haselman, Marg Hems, Marilyn Hutton.

December - Interform volleyball was organized in both schools. Form II were Morning champions. Schedule was not completed in Afternoon School.



Girls' Sports Diary

Jan. 3 - Combined basketball practice for both schools. It was decided that one team would represent L.T.C. Members were Harriet Harper (captain), Lois Miller (manager), Trudy Pickard, Marg Bowie, Marion Smith, Georgina Hendry, Mary Lou Babcock, Helen Heinrichs, Gail Finch, Eleanor Joyce, Frances Minielly, Irene Toprosky, Janice Jackson, Sylvia Tormasy, Helen Wilson.

Jan. 6 - L.T.C.'s first game was played against Beal Technical School. Beal's team was well practiced and won 26-18.



Jan. 20 - return game with Beal. It was close all the way. By freezing the ball in the last minute of play L.T.C. won 21-19.

Feb. 3 - Our team played Metropolitan United Church and won 29-13.

Feb. 6 - An interesting game with Beal Tech. L.T.C. won 31-16.

Feb. 9 - L.T.C. again victorious, this time against Central Collegiate. Score 39-24.

Feb. 22 - tough competition in an exciting game against U.W.O. Intermediates. A close game but U.W.O. broke the tie to win 39-45.



Feb. 28 - the long-awaited Hamilton trip. Hamilton Teachers' College team was fast moving and held a strong lead throughout. Hamilton won 25-18.

Women's Athletics



Marilyn Hutton



Joy Greenwood

Greetings from the Executives

THE year 1955-56 has been very successful for the Women's Athletic Association. Because of the double school, there has been a double athletic programme with many girls participating in each.

In both schools regular schedules were conducted in inter-form volleyball and basketball. In April a badminton tournament was held in Thames Hall.

We are grateful to Miss Prendergast for her enthusiastic guidance throughout the year.

None of our achievements could have been realized without the full support of each representative in the Athletic Associations. We sincerely thank all these girls. We have faith that you will diligently accept the challenge of guiding our future athletes to high standards of sportsmanship.

MARILYN HUTTON,

President, Morning School Women's Athletics.

JOY GREENWOOD,

President, Afternoon School Women's Athletics.



MORNING SCHOOL EXECUTIVE
Marilyn Pinkerton, Marita Cross, Nancy Francis,
Janet Baldwin, Dorothy O'Neill, Marilyn Hutton.



AFTERNOON SCHOOL EXECUTIVE
Mary Thompson, Mary Birch, Jean Lavender,
Margaret Dawson, Irene Toproski, Joy Greenwood

Men's Athletics



Dick Attlebery



Joe Gilpin,

Greetings from the Executives

THE divided schools made inter-form team organization difficult to achieve, especially since the men were not evenly distributed throughout the forms.

The morning school team began the season by defeating the afternoon school and later they played teams from St. Thomas, London, Paris, Exeter, Windsor and Ingersoll. They were able to finish the season with a substantial record of 5 wins, 5 losses, and one tie game.

Mr. Fritz, along with coach Charles Slater, formed an amalgamated team of both schools. This team defeated Ottawa Teachers' College but lost out to the powerful Hamilton squad. To both our thanks for a good job done.

After Easter an inter-form soft-ball schedule will be run in both schools in order to condition team members for the Guelph Soft-ball Tournament.

This year sports have played a prominent role in establishing firm friendships and relationships between both morning and afternoon schools.

DICK ATTLEBERY,
President, Morning School.

JOE GILPIN,
President, Afternoon School.



John Bailey, Bill Yungblut, Dick Attlebery, Peter Pitchard.



Leonard Fox, Joe Gilpin, Charles Slater, David White.

TEAMS TRY . . . SHOW SPIRIT

LeClair Pacer

A mediocre record was secured by L.T.C.'s basketball team this year.

6' 3" Marv LeClair paced the crimson and gold hoopsters in their big games of the season.

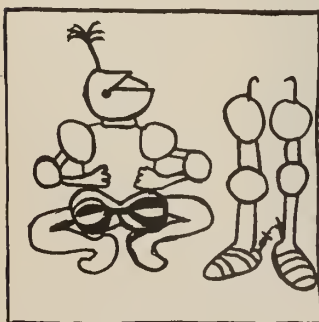
L.T.C. downed Ottawa 51-41 in a sparkling floor game but lost to an inspired Hamilton team 98-65.

7 Victories

This left the team with a season's record of 7 victories, 5 losses and 3 ties, and a winning percentage of .714.

Thanks

Thanks are extended to coach Chuck Slater, Mr. Fritz and Mr. Hyde for their assistance.



P.E. in the first days of L.T.C.



L.T.C. Basketball Team in spirited game downs Ottawa.

Attleberry Aces

L.T.C.'s hockey team steeped itself in glory by defeating South Collegiate 2 out of 3 in a 3 game series. Players were from all parts of Ontario and had never before played together.

were Dick Attleberry—2, Jack Dolbear — 2, Paul Houston — 2, John Bailey — 2, and Larry Hadden — 1. This game was a hard checking, side-bruising affair for both teams.

Initial Game

The first game was won in the closing minutes 9-8 by a tip in of Doug McCaw — point shot by John Bailey. The scorers

South Collegiate

The second game was won by South Collegiate 8-5. A third game was now arranged. L.T.C. came out victoriously in this final campaign. Score 8 - 3. Jack Dolbear was slapped in 4 goals was ably assisted by Dick Attleberry with 5 assists. John Bailey and Larry Hadden each counted 2 points thus making the 8.



Spectators

Spectators were here to say that this was the season's best game they had never seen so smooth passes nor so spirited teamwork.

Social



Teachers' Christian Fellowship



Ben Toes, Shirley Page, John Durley, Jack Tarne, Joan Clark, Laurie Hadden, Carol Brackstone.

THE Teachers' Christian Fellowship group established at London Teachers' College is a direct branch of Inter-Varsity Christian Fellowship begun at Cambridge University, England. These groups have been established in the United States, Great Britain, New Zealand, Mexico, Switzerland, and Germany, as well as across Canada, in order that students of many denominations may gather together to study God's word.

Here in our college we have weekly meetings. The interest of those attending has been keen. Two weekly prayer meetings are held to aid in making the meetings more meaningful as well as adding depth to the religious outlook of those in attendance.

We feel that Teachers' Christian Fellowship is an ideal organization for student teachers because we can remain affiliated when we become graduate teachers. What could be more beneficial than association with members of our own profession?

This year our group was pleased to play host to the London Teachers' Christian Fellowship group. We have also enjoyed the firesides held at Victoria Hospital for our group, the Inter-Varsity Christian Fellowship group at Western, The Nurses' Christian Fellowship, and the Medical Students' Christian Fellowship. We held a New Year's party and have enjoyed Miss Mary Lankin who is a nurse from French Equatorial Africa, Mr. Kokama from the London Bible Institute, and several interesting Bible studies from those in our own group.

Glee Club



MORNING SCHOOL EXECUTIVE
Ken Elliott, Mary Carmichael, Shirley
Moody, Elizabeth Box, Mr. L. Queen,
Ruth Dickson, Mary Watson.



AFTERNOON SCHOOL EXECUTIVE
Roger Lalonde, Muriel Doucy, Frances
Pigott, Bob Mather, Ted Gould, Judy
Kidd, Mr. L. Queen.

THIS year has been eventful for the choir, under the direction of Mr. Queen.

A grand performance was staged on December 16th by the morning school group. An equally successful performance was given on December 17th by the afternoon school choir. I feel sure that the Hallelujah Chorus and the Nutcracker Suite well inspired those who attended either performance. A lunch was served after each concert and the "grand ensemble" throughout the corridors brought this delightful evening to a close.

The choir gave a short concert for the Alumnae on March 31.

A majestic atmosphere was created during the Graduation Church Service as the choir sang "Non Nobis Domine" and "Give Me Your Tired, Your Poor."

A small group attended the Oxford County Music Festival.

We sincerely thank Marlene Jackson, Mary Anne Artiss, Nancyanne Wilmott, Dianne Merriman, and Grace Shanks for their fine piano accompaniments.

A major factor in our success has been the excellent direction given by Mr. Queen. We are grateful for his constant effort, enthusiasm, and encouragement.



Morning School Choir



Afternoon School Choir

Library Club

Report of Library Clubs, 1955-56



THIS year it has been necessary to form two library groups, one from each of the schools. Although there has not been a joint meeting of these people, affairs seem well coordinated by the very able liaison of Miss Singer and Mrs. Cummings.

Both groups have been responsible for some of the displays of book-covers. Other duties are the compilation of a scrapbook of school activities reported in the local press, re-filing of pictures and the biggest job of all, the replacing of books on the shelves. As all students know, it is a familiar sight to enter the library to see Miss Singer and Mrs. Cummings valiantly swimming on a sea of books. Use of the library, particularly during teaching weeks, has been most encouraging; there is surely no greater joy for a librarian than to see the books being lifted from the shelves to be *used*.

The main activity of both groups occurred during Young Canada Book Week, Nov. 15th - Nov. 22nd. An all-out propaganda programme was made on behalf of this special occasion.

The afternoon school group presented to their body of students a skit with members representing characters out of story books, giving interesting and humorous speeches from the more popular children's books. The President, Janet Saunders, disguised herself as a jack-in-the-box and gave the purposes of Y.C.B.W., while another member gave the titles of the books used in the skit. The remainder donned costumes and enacted their parts very well to make it a very successful presentation.

The morning school made their attack a little differently. Each morning for the week a selection was read in the auditorium by a member of the Library Club. The selections were suited to all ages ranging from classics to nonsense rhymes. On the Monday, the aims and purposes of Book Week were established. To round off a week of excellent reading by Elizabeth Law, Ruth Fidlin and Donna Cole, a panel discussion was held on Friday morning. On this panel were the three young ladies previously mentioned, ably assisted by Joan Clark. Perhaps the success of the Book Week may be judged by the warm reception of the programme by the students.

Morning School Library Club

Derek White, President
Elizabeth Law, Vice-President
Donna Cole
Ruth Fidlin

Afternoon School Library Club

Janet Saunders, President
Muriel Phair, Vice-President
Shirley Ann Page
Shirley Perriam
Donna Mills
Jean Lavender
Margaret Teron
Mabel Youngs
Shirley Newman





Play Day

Early in the school year, the second-year students sponsored a "Play Day" for the new student teachers and our masters. We got "acquainted" with one another during the playing of games on the campus. When we were thoroughly worn out, lunch was served in the school. I am sure the "new arrivals" enjoyed the get-together as well as the "oldsters" enjoyed entertaining us.



Autumn Antics

Form Two got the school parties off to an excellent start on September 29, in the form of "Autumn Antics." Leaves, stumps, cornstalks, fruit and vegetables were the setting for dancing, which followed an enjoyable program in the auditorium. This wonderful evening came to an end with a delicious lunch served by Jane Lindsay and her committee.



October Occasion

The party on October 13 was sponsored by Form Three. The show in the auditorium starred Percy and Lyle Sweetapple (M. Kay and J. Castle), N. McCarron and her troupe and the Skunk Misery Boys. After a very enjoyable hour in the auditorium, we adjourned to the common room for dancing and to the gym for square dancing under the able direction of Nora Lindsay. Lunch was served at 10.30 in the Home Ec. room.



"When I was one and twenty . . ."



Is education going to pot?



Rudolph's Rendezvous

Form 4 entertained us with a stage show entitled "The Shoemaker and the Elves." This starred Peter Getty and Audrey Balls as the shoemaker and his wife. Bill Gregg and John Bailey entered as "little elves." Along with the play, Mel Capener and Anne Birdsall sang solos. The evening ended with round and square dancing, topped off with lunch.

Form 5

December 15 was the evening of songs from our Morning School Glee Club. After a very enjoyable program, Form 5 served lunch. Many remarks were made of the lovely decorations made under the direction of Miss LaCapria and many of our parents remarked on the organization of the evening. At 11 o'clock, the Glee Club assembled on the main stairs to sing Christmas Carols — a very fitting ending to the whole evening.



Moulin Rouge

On November 3, Form 7 gave us a party with a different flavour. During their very enjoyable program, we discovered we had a great deal of talent in our school — including soloists, violinists and even an accordionist. Another "talent" we all enjoyed was the cancan — done by both girls and boys. After dancing in the gym and common room, we were treated to cider and donuts — in keeping with the theme.



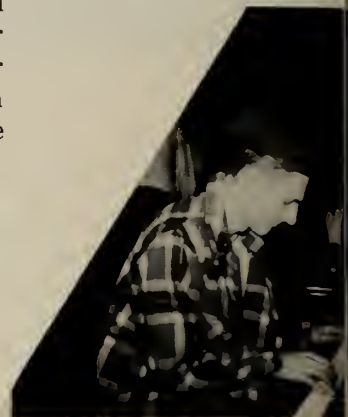
They also serve.



Did his mother have any children?

Christmas Carols

Form 8 entertained on Friday instead of the usual Thursday, due to the Afternoon Glee Club's Concert. After several Christmas numbers, and songs from the Nutcracker Suite, parents and students adjourned to the Common Room and the Home Economics Room for dancing and lunch. The evening was very successful and everyone went home happy.



I know that note's here somewhere.

Lover's Leap

Because this was the first party of 1956, Forms I and II decided to take a Leap Year theme. Their stage production of "Love Through the Ages" proved very interesting and also showed us the talent which will be found at L.T.C. next year, as these are the two-year students. Norm Lindsey led the calls for square dancing, ending with the Grand March.



Grandma, what a long tongue you have.



Even the bald iggles couldn't take this!



All I want is the facts, man.



Zis should happen
to ze dog?

Cupid's Capers

The clock struck 8 o'clock on the night of February 2, as the curtains ascended on Form 9's presentation of "Cinderella." With the same enchantment of the author's original, the storybook characters were finely portrayed by every member of the cast. Between scenes, we heard a sextet with two serious songs; comedy songs; as well as a piano duet. Dancing followed in the Common Room.

Latest style for teachers?



L. T. C. Charm School.

Tartan Twirl

Becoming a Scotsman for the evening of February 23 wasn't as hard as first believed, especially with the penny fine for anyone found without a tartan. We were also treated to a double entertainment, consisting of music from "Brigadoon," and a piper from Glencoe. However, Form 10 wasn't "Scotch" with the lunch, served promptly at 10.30.

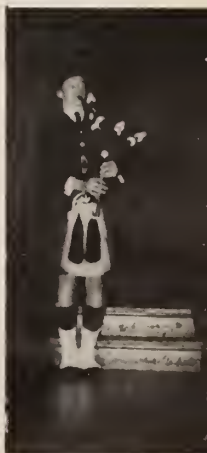
Queen for a day!



Knew I shouldn't have had
the last one!



The pie-eyed piper
of Hamlin.





Literary

Our Life

Tell me, my friend,
What brought you here?
Why do you thus
Devote the year?
For prestige of
A fine career?
Or are your thoughts
For others?

As teachers, we
Must careful be;
and live our lives
So faithfully,
That a good influence
We might be
Upon the lives
Of others.

Most other work
Would give more pay,
But when you've reached
Retirement day,
Could you look back
With joy, and say,
"My life was lived
For others."

Others, Others.
May that be
The thought that so
Inspires me,
That my life will
Devoted be,
In service true
For others.

2nd Prize—John E. Durley.

These I Have Loved

I have loved the song of the birds on high,
The radiant colours of the painted sky,
The flowers that make the world so bright,
The holy silence of the night,
The life of each little seed that grows,
Each silver stream or river that flows,
The wonderful people in each little church,
The magnificent splendour of towering birch.

I have loved the warmth of the sun's gentle rays,
The unsurpassed beauty of sun-lightened bays,
The wind that carries the dead leaves away,
And the pleasures that come with every new day,
Each rain that gives new life to the soil,
And the people of God who love to toil.
These I have loved on this earthly shore,
Who knows what awaits past the Heavenly door.

1st Prize—Marion Hamilton.

Autumn

Autumn, usually a smooth mellifluous symphony, was yesterday in her roughest mood.

She was wild and furious like a terrified colt. With every giant gust from her terrible nostrils, she tore the gaily-pointed leaves from their fragile moorings, sending them hurtling downward in a fashion similar to the strange Asiatic dances of Prince Igor. In a huge uproar she sprang toward the people in the street, scurrying them hurriedly to cover, dropping purses and parcels, and losing hats and umbrellas, the fragments of her victory.

The autumn rain saturated the gay array of coloured leaves transforming them into an extravaganza, glorious beneath the lightning. Rain fell spasmodically until deftly intercepted by the white frost-ghost. Silently the ghost took brush in hand to paint his majestic forms on the bare trees, now transfigured in a world of white.

Autumn has a strange and exotic personality. She can be mild and affectionate, yet moments later rage a wild and furious battle with the elements.

1st Prize—Helen Blair.

"Gamin"

TODD BECKER—1st Prize

(abridged)

I AM a young history professor. This may not come as a startling revelation to anyone, but it is a fact—one of the very few facts I have to cling to after my meeting with Mr. Gamin.

As I sit here in the Common Room, I can't help wondering if it really happened to *me*. It started one Saturday morning as I was hitchhiking from the University, home for the weekend to see my fiancée, Kathy.

I'd gotten out to the Thruway. After a ten-minute wait, I managed to interest a Buick in me. I flipped my bag in the back seat, slammed the door and we pulled away. Because my glasses were steamed, it was two or three minutes before I got a good look at my benefactor. When I did glance over, I almost decided to step out, but anything's better than a broken neck, so I stayed put.

He was a great string-bean creature, with a sunken jaw and bald — and I do mean *bald*. Not just on his head, you understand, but all over — not even any eyebrows.

"Hello Mr. Greyson," he said.

"Who - What? . . ." I really didn't know what to say.

"Be at ease, Mr. Greyson. My name is Gamin, and I, too, am a student of history. I need some help on a bit of research I'm doing. I've already arranged for a leave-of-absence for you for three months — I was sure you'd be interested because it pays ten thousand dollars."

"Now wait just a damn minute!" I said, struggling to regain my reeling senses. "Look — I don't know you. Never heard of you, in fact — and out of a clear blue sky you suddenly pick me up and tell me I'm working for you. Let's start at the beginning; who are you?"

"I am Aneuran Gamin, Explorer in History, First Class . . ."

"You mean you're an archeologist?"

"If you'll let me continue, you'll understand more fully. My wife and I are one of many teams sent to explore younger civilizations . . ."

"Younger? Younger than what?"

"Please have a little patience, Mr. Greyson. I come from a star system many light-years distant from yours. Perhaps I'd better explain the universe to you before we go any further."

"The Universe?"

"Yes. You see, Mr. Greyson, in almost every case the third planet of a G-type star, such as yours, is now, has been, or will be almost parallel to your planet in development. My home planet has a 1500-year headstart on yours."

"You mean your civilization is what ours will be like 1500 years from now?"

"Possibly, but I doubt it. I meant that life would progress to this point in history. However, whether a civilization advances or not after the discovery of atomic energy is its own choice. Therefore, I must rush my studies of this planet to completion before the point in time arrives when that choice must be made here.

"You see, my civilization was a good deal older than yours when we split the atom. We had progressed farther in politics and sociology, and thus could take atomic power in stride."

"This is all very interesting, but how and why do I fit into your plans?"

Before answering me, Mr. Gamin pulled off the Thruway onto a dirt sideroad and stopped in front of a dilapidated farm house. I suppose I should have gotten out of there as fast as possible, but by this time my curiosity was aroused.

"I want you to help me compile a complete history of your planet."

"But why me?"

"You're young; you've little money, and you want to mate — ah, that is, to marry. And I am offering you ten thousand dollars for three months' work. You will help me, won't you?"

"Alright, I'll do it. When do I start?"

Maybe I was foolish to take him up on his proposition, especially in view of the way it was offered. But what would you do if you were engaged, broke, and somebody was willing to give you more than twice your yearly salary for three months' work?



He told me I was to begin immediately. I had started to nod my agreement when suddenly I thought of Kathy. "Mr. Gamin," I said, "I was on my way to see my fiancée when you picked me up — would it be all right if I went on to Middletown now and started to work on Monday?"

"Most emphatically not. Don't you — no, I suppose you don't. Look Mr. Greyson, three months from today my wife and I are going to leave your planet. We wish to take with us a complete history of this world. You do not have time to flip about visiting girlfriends."

* * * * *

Gamin woke me at dawn the next day. Strangely enough, I wasn't hungry. Evidently, the food capsules they had given me for dinner gave enough energy in one 'meal' to last twenty-four hours. Gamin came into the room.

"Right. What books cover the years 5,000 to 2,500 B.C.?"

"Mmm. 'The First Civilizations' by Professor Heinmarsh gives a reasonably accurate account; and 'The Tigris and Euphrates' by Dr. Stiling is good, though dry."

"Get them. You can use the car if you like."

"Before I go, tell me — just how complete is this work to be?"

"How complete do you think the only record should be?"

"What do you mean?"

"Hurry, get started; don't stand around with your mouth open."

I drove to the main branch of the city library, and procured the books. On the way back I began to ponder Gamin's words. At first they frightened me, but I finally decided that he meant the only record *his* people would have of our society.

When I reentered the house, Gamin eagerly took the books, tossed one of them to Zorna and sat down in front of his transcriber.

"Mr. Gamin?" I ventured.

"Well?" from Gamin.

"I think that chapters thirteen, fourteen and fifteen in Stiling's book are better covered in chapters seven and eight of Heinmarsh."

"Good. You're more useful than I thought you'd be. I want some visual records also."

In answer to my protests that we had no accurate pictures of the era, Gamin replied that sketches, paintings and objects of d'art of the times would be sufficient. I shuddered. "Look, Mr. Gamin, these things you ask for are in museums, granted, but they are not procurable by the general public."

Gamin looked up, amusement and exasperation struggling for the upper hand, "Don't bother me with details — just get them."

So there I was — historian, delivery boy and part time confidence man. I have only scattered recollections of that whirling three months. There was the time I had to fly to Cairo to wheedle some early Egyptian lore from the curator there; my sojourn in Athens, looking for an accurate likeness of Pericles; and then we were working on Rome.

While we were working our way through "The Wane and Collapse of Rome," I could see that Gamin was puzzled.

"There must be a common cause for the fall of these various empires," he said, at one point.

"The laws of economics, or the gradual weakening of their military power?" I said helpfully.

Gamin favoured me with a glance that clearly indicated that I was a boob; then he smiled.

"Power. That's the key. They all fell after their governments became dictatorships; human beings cannot control absolute power. Not if the nation they rule is in the first line of the countries of the world."

. . . New York — the Museum of Natural History — about one a.m. I climbed the fire escape to the roof, walked over to the sky-light and gently raised it. I let myself down into darkness and listened. I fancied that I could hear the bones of the dinosaurs rattling in the breeze from the open sky-light. I went down the stairs to the second floor, started to tip-toe across the room — and tripped. I went down with a crash — and a whole Triceratops skeleton came down on top of me. Staggering to my feet, I lurched to a case of etching, smashed the case, selected two — and froze. A flashlight beam was playing across the room.

"Alright mister, oi'll take those pictures."

"O.K. here you are" — I stooped and flipped the lower leg of the dinosaur at him. I jumped, grabbed him and dumped him into an aquarium full of tropical fish — and ran for it.

* * * * *

. . . Painting was one field in which our world excelled Gamin's; he therefore wanted paintings. Here Gamin would not accept substitutes. He saw a photograph of the Mona Lisa and told me to get the original. I rebelled.

"That painting is priceless, Mr. Gamin. Steal the odd picture or etching I can and will — but plunder Earth's finest works of art I will not do."

"But Greyson, that portrait is just too perfect to be lost."

"Exactly, Mr. Gamin. Therefore it stays in the Louvre where it belongs."

"Greyson, you fool — oh, alright, you don't have to get it."

"If you make a move to get it yourself, Mr. Gamin, I'll turn you in."

Gamin promised not to touch it himself. However, I noticed that Mrs. Gamin was gone for several days after our conversation.

... We had worked up to the eighteenth century before I had another more than ordinarily tough problem. All Gamin wanted this time was the Declaration of Independence — in the original.

"Won't a copy do?" I asked, wearily.

"No — a copy won't do — that document should be preserved in the original."

"The Library of Congress is doing quite well, isn't it?"

"Yes, for a short time. Look, Greyson, you have a rather close female friend haven't you?"

"You — you wouldn't hurt Kathy?"

"If it becomes necessary."

"Alright, you —, but you may be biting off more than you can chew."

Strangely enough it never occurred to me to use physical violence on Gamin — I don't know whether it was because of my overpowering fatigue, or because his personality dominated mine by this time. Well — off to Washington.

Deciding to survey the library, I went into the building late in the morning. One of the guided tours was just ending as I entered, so I strolled back to the glass-covered case where the priceless document was residing. Evidently it was time for the guards to change for lunch, for there was not a guard in sight — so I picked the lock on the case with a tool Gamin had given me for the purpose, opened the glass top, and took the Declaration out, inserting a copy. I walked slowly out of the building, turned the corner and got into the Buick.

Putting the yellowed paper behind the sun visor, I drove cautiously out of Washington. I could hardly believe the simplicity with which I had gotten away with that famous scrap of paper. I knew that when the theft was discovered the pursuit would be swift, painstaking and ultimately successful — if the thief remained anywhere on Earth.

When I got back to the farmhouse that evening, Gamin was surprised and pleased at my quick success.

"One more major project and the job is done," he said.

"Greyson, I want to talk to the most intelligent man on Earth. Who might that be?"

"This is an age of specialization, Mr. Gamin.

On what subject to you want an authority?"

"You clod — what do you think we have been doing these last three months? Naturally, I want the best domino player in your world!"

"Arnold Tonybee is our foremost historian."

"Get him."

So I got him. Gamin and I flew to England that night in the machine and landed on Tonybee's back yard.

As soon as we got back Stateside, Gamin and his wife began to gather up all their truck and paraphernalia. Zorna seemed to have more equipment than Mr. Gamin, and she took a long time in gathering it up — I guess women will be the same even 1500 years from now. Gamin kept scurrying around, as if he couldn't wait to take his leave.

He took me aside just before he left.

"Thank you Greyson — you've been a tremendous aid to me. Here is your money — not that it will do you any good. And I am sorry I had to threaten your female."

"What do you mean, it won't do me any good?"

"I haven't time to explain now; good luck, Greyson."

And with that, he climbed into his ship and was gone — ship and all. If it wasn't for the ten thousand dollars in my hand, he might never have been . . .

Finishing there, I drove slowly back to the college and into the faculty parking lot . . .

I shook myself fully awake — Kathy was in the doorway.

"Darling — oh Lord how I've missed you!"

Running towards me, she threw herself into my arms. I don't know how long that kiss lasted, but it must have been close to a world's record.

"Oh hon, I'm so glad you're back with me, I've been so frightened."

"What about darling — I told you the job was just for three months."

"What about? Good gravy, haven't you been reading the papers?"

"No," I said, "I haven't seen a paper or heard the radio since I talked to you on the phone."

"Oh hon, the Russians . . ."

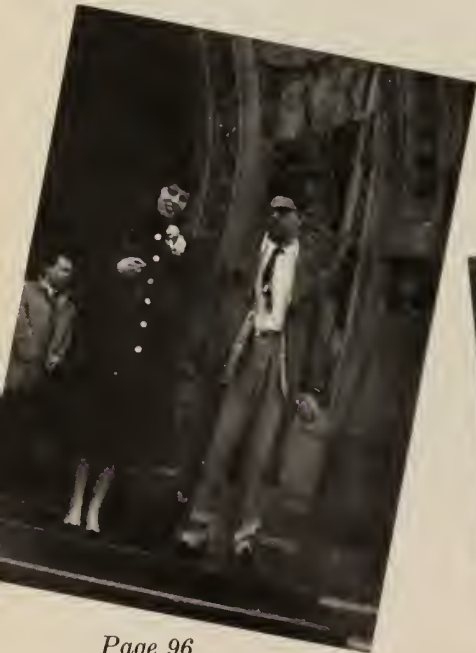
Then, sickeningly, I understood why Gamin was in such a hurry; I understood his parting remark; and I was suddenly very happy, that I had gotten the Declaration of Independence for him.

The air-raid sirens were wailing their song of death.

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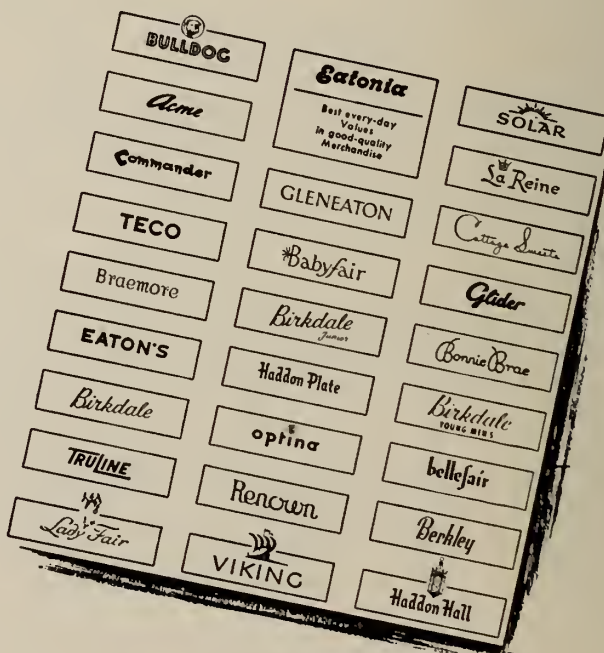
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